

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,012

APRIL 20, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,012.—VOL. XXXIX.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE SERVICE IN KEW CHURCH
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE AT KEW

Topics of the Week

THE BUDGET.—Like many previous Chancellors of the Exchequer, when Mr. Goschen might have hoped for a surplus, he has had to provide against a deficit. This is due to no fault or miscalculation on his part. In actual fact he had a handsome surplus, but this is swallowed up, and more than swallowed up, by two disturbing elements. In the first place, under the Local Government Act a large portion of the Imperial revenue has to be surrendered to the County Councils; in the second place the scare which has been diligently got up about the weakness of our Fleet has necessitated a large increase in the sum demanded for the Naval Estimates. As we have ventured to say before, we greatly grudge this latter expenditure. The Empire would gain far more permanent strength if this money were spent in helping industrious persons to emigrate. However, Parliament has practically sanctioned the Government proposals, and, therefore, it is useless now to discuss the matter further. In order to provide for the deficit thus produced, Mr. Goschen has very skilfully managed to tread as lightly as possible on the toes of the much-enduring middle-class taxpayer. He faces the problem in a much pleasanter as well as fairer way than by clapping another penny or two on the Income Tax. He will partly recoup the Exchequer out of the saving effected by the reduction of the interest on the State debts; partly by an increase of one per cent. on the death duties in the case of all estates worth more than 10,000*l.*; and partly by a small addition to the beer duty; which last alteration will not result, we hope, in making the malt liquors sold in public-houses and restaurants worse than they now are. Even if he had so wished, Mr. Goschen could not have got much out of Customs or Excise. The number of dutiable articles now is very small; the consumption of spirits, of the stronger wines, and of coffee is declining; and even tea is at a standstill, because the Indian descriptions are stronger, and go further than those of China, so that less is wanted. Altogether then, the prevailing opinion is that Mr. Goschen has surmounted his difficulties very cleverly.

WOMEN AS COUNTY COUNCILLORS.—No one was greatly surprised by the decision of Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Stephen with regard to the claim of Lady Sandhurst to sit on the London County Council. Even those who most cordially approved of the candidature of women recognised that there was some doubt whether the law was on their side. The probability is that the judgment which has been delivered will stand the test of the closest investigation, and we do not know that women who wish to become County Councillors have any very serious reason to regret that this is the case. The question is one of considerable importance, and it would be far better that the object should be attained by a plain decree of the Legislature than by a doubtful interpretation of existing Acts. Now that the matter has been brought prominently before the public, we may expect that a Bill dealing with it will soon be introduced into Parliament; and it is tolerably certain that the success of the movement cannot be very long delayed. The County Councils will have to grapple with many problems in which women are deeply concerned, and about which they are eminently competent to form just opinions. In the interest of the entire community, therefore, it is desirable that it should be within their right to offer themselves as candidates for election. By conferring this right upon them the Legislature would not be taking a wholly new departure. Women act as members of School Boards and of Boards of Guardians; and experience has shown that in these capacities they are capable of doing excellent work. There is every reason to anticipate that as County Councillors they would be equally useful.

BURMESE ADMINISTRATION.—The pacification of Upper Burma seems doomed to be prospective. Every week regularly brings news of fresh encounters with the dacoits, in which the victory does not always rest on the side of British authority. How is it that this deplorable state of things continues? There must be something wrong with the governing machinery when it fails so conspicuously to secure the submission of the marauding bands. No doubt the country helps the dacoits, but even when full allowance for that advantage is made, the "resources of civilisation" should have overpowered them long ago. But, like other implements, the said resources need to be used by skilled hands to do their work properly; and it is here, we suspect, that the fault lies. A telegram from Rangoon speaks of unqualified officials being appointed Commissioners, of quite young men being thrust into other important posts, and of lieutenants in the Staff corps finding themselves dispensing justice as Sessions Judges. It is also hinted that a knowledge of the Burmese language is rather a drawback than otherwise for such appointments. If one half of these assertions be true, it is easy to understand why Upper Burma refuses to settle down under British rule. What it evidently requires is a John Lawrence, to insure the fitting of the round pegs into the round holes, and the square into the square. That wise and

vigorous administrator pacified the warlike Punjab in less time than it has taken to half-pacify King Theebaw's anarchical dominions. Nor do we doubt that Mr. Balfour, with his resolute will, fixity of purpose, and clear-sightedness, would have taught the dacoits long ago that they had met their master. The whole aspect of affairs on the Irrawaddy suggests feebleness and uncertainty, as if the British authorities had decided to humour the robber bands by carrying on operations against them in their own desultory and fitful fashion.

THE BIRMINGHAM ELECTION.—Although Conservatism was known to be strong in Central Birmingham, few persons could have anticipated such a "crowning victory" as that which was achieved last Monday. The name of Bright no doubt is a powerful name wherewith to conjure, especially as the son follows the political views of his famous father; but, on the other hand, there was until the other day imminent risk of a serious quarrel between the Conservative and the Liberal wings of the Unionist section of the constituency. That this quarrel was ultimately appeased is in great measure due to the laudable self-denial of Lord Randolph Churchill, and to the excellent advice of Mr. Balfour; but still more, we think, to the inherent good sense of the Conservative electors themselves, who, as soon as their very natural indignation had in some measure cooled, perceived that, in presence of a relentless and untiring enemy, a feud with their Liberal allies was simply suicidal. The result of this election also reads a lesson to Gladstonians, and they will do well to ponder it seriously. Why is it that they are so often in a minority in the great urban constituencies, where formerly, under a far more limited suffrage, they would have carried all before them? It is not merely because they are in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. The average elector, who is neither very rabidly Conservative or Liberal, has theoretically no very strong repugnance to Home Rule; and if, when Mr. Gladstone seceded, he and his allies had treated their former allies with the most studious and considerate courtesy, it is quite possible that by this time they would have won over to their side the "mug-wumps," that is, the vast body of electors who halt between two opinions. Instead of this, they have sedulously imitated the methods of their Irish associates; their tongues have been familiar with vituperation, misrepresentation, and calumny. Hence, they have disgusted thousands of people with Home Rule, not so much because of its intrinsic dangers, as because it has been advocated in such a detestable fashion.

GENERAL BOULANGER AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—The French Chambers have adjourned for the Easter holidays, and in the mean time the Committee appointed by the Senate to investigate the charges against General Boulanger, M. Dillon, and M. Rochefort are examining the various documents relating to the accusations. As yet it is difficult to form a very decided opinion as to the probable result of the trial. It may be that the Government have evidence that will leave no room for doubt as to the illegality of the General's proceedings; but no such evidence has hitherto been forthcoming. Whether he can or cannot be proved to have acted as a traitor, it may be hoped that Ministers will not play into his hands by doing anything that would tend to gratify his wish for further notoriety. If they insisted upon his being driven from Brussels, their demand would no doubt be acceded to, for Belgium cannot afford to give serious offence to France. But a demand of that kind would at once attract universal attention, and much sympathy would be aroused on his behalf. And, after all, no real obstacle would be thrown in his way, since it would be quite as easy for him to control his party from London as from the Belgian capital. If he is in no way interfered with, Frenchmen may be too much occupied with the preparations for the Exhibition to think a great deal about him; and, should they begin to lose interest in him, there is at least a chance that even the trial will not suffice to make him appear an attractive figure. There is ample evidence that General Boulanger has no great, statesmanlike scheme of policy, and that he is intriguing mainly for the gratification of personal ambition. This, if fully recognised, would not prevent him from receiving the support of Monarchists and Bonapartists, both of whom hope to make use of him; but it will detach from him those Republicans who have been impressed by his pretensions. There will be a chance of the true character of his claims being thoroughly understood if he is not forced into greater prominence by the hasty zeal of his opponents.

EAST LONDON.—It is a very depressing picture which Mr. Charles Booth presents to the public in his work on East London. Out of a population of nine hundred thousand, it is estimated that about one-third are loafers, criminals, and casual toilers who turn their hands to evil on slight provocation. That the existence in any city of 300,000 units of this type constitutes an ever-present danger to society cannot be disputed. But East London is only a portion of the metropolis; we make little doubt that South London and North London could, between them, double the number. What should be done to remove this terrible gangrene? Mr. Booth, despairing of other remedial measures

such as emigration, suggests that the State should provide the miserable creatures with food and lodging in return for such work as they were capable of performing. He admits that it would be a bad bargain for the State, but thinks the loss would be well repaid in one way and another. That might happen, but a far graver difficulty presents itself in the confirmed idleness of the people to be thus assisted. They detest work, especially regular work; it is really extraordinary what sufferings many of them will accept sooner than try to earn an honest living by systematic industry. Unless, therefore, quite an army of taskmasters were appointed to see that the allotted tasks were done, East London would have a large proportion of her population placed on a sort of pension list, without any obligation whatever. On the other hand, if compulsion were used to get the task-work done, it would be the casual ward over again, on a gigantic scale, and we should soon hear the cry of sentimentality about the cruelty of compelling the poor to break stones or pick oakum. The problem is a difficult one, whichever way it may be twisted; but we doubt whether a satisfactory solution is to be found in State Socialism.

SAMOA.—If ever King Mataafa should gain real independence (an unlikely event), and strike a medal to commemorate the fact, he will no doubt engrave upon it the legend *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*. In the days when there was more faith than now in supernatural interference, the great hurricane of March 16th would have been regarded as a strong hint to the civilised Powers to cease meddling with Samoa. This hint they are utterly unlikely to take at the present time; but it is quite possible that, owing to the divergent views entertained by two of the nationalities which are about to take part in the Conference, some such result may be practically attained. As for ourselves, we have already got quite as many islands in the Pacific as we can comfortably manage; and our desire therefore ought to be that the Samoans, while enjoying the advantages of a civilised Protectorate, should otherwise be left as much as possible to their own devices. In the approaching discussion, therefore, England should occupy a neutral position, and most Englishmen will hope that Lord Salisbury will not be induced by any presumed European exigencies to lean to the side of Germany rather than to that of the United States. Nations, like individuals, are estimated by what they have shown themselves to be; and whereas the Americans, wherever they have gained any footing in the Pacific, have exercised a civilising influence, and have abstained from flag-hoisting propensities, the Germans, probably because they are new to the business, have acted in a most high-handed manner, and have shown little regard for native peculiarities and prejudices. As individual colonisers the Germans are admirable fellows; but, under their Black, Red, and White tricolour, the Christian virtues of patience, forbearance, and forgiveness of injuries are wont to be conspicuous by their absence; they behave in a more bullying fashion than either the English or the French, which is saying a good deal, and therefore we trust that they will not be allowed to exercise a preponderating influence in Samoa.

HOME READING CIRCLES.—Oxford and Cambridge have done much lately to bring solid instruction within the reach of large classes of persons whose circumstances render it impossible for them to attend a University. Quite recently they made provision for the formation of Home Reading Circles, the members of each of which will receive from competent authorities guidance as to their courses of reading, and aid in the solution of their difficulties. The example thus set by the two great Universities has been followed by the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and there can be no doubt that much good will be done by the teachers to whom the execution of the various schemes has been entrusted. There are, however, many persons who cannot afford to pay the fees charged in connection with these Home Reading Circles; and for their benefit a more popular enterprise has now been started. On Saturday last, at a meeting in Lord Aberdeen's house, a National Home Reading Circles' Union was formed, the object of which will be to do for vast classes of the community what the Universities and the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching can do only for a comparatively small number of students. Reading circles will, if possible, be organised everywhere; they will have an opportunity of choosing one or other of various prescribed courses; instructors will help them in their work; they will be periodically examined; and from time to time the members will meet to hear lectures on the subjects to which they are especially devoting attention. If the plan is carried out intelligently and energetically, it will exercise a potent and most wholesome influence on many a young man and woman who at present have not the faintest idea what books they ought to read, or how they should read them. A great deal of voluntary aid will be needed, but the Union should have no difficulty in securing as much of that as is wanted. In America the famous Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has received enthusiastic support, and it will be strange if a corresponding organisation in England does not meet with equal favour.

FOREIGN GAME.—The judicial decision in the appeal case of Guver v. The Queen will be glad tidings to the poaching fraternity, but of evil import to game preservers. It unquestionably throws open the door to very grave abuses in the sale of game during close time. Until this case came into Court, it was believed that the law did not permit the sale of game, whether killed in England or abroad, during the close season. Therefore, even if a poulterer proved that the partridges in his shop came from Russia, that did not save him from punishment. For the future, on the contrary, he will only have to declare that any game exposed for sale came from abroad to set the law at defiance, and, according to Mr. Justice Manisty, who dissented from the decision of the two other judges, this immunity will extend to Scotch and Irish game. Of course, if it could be proved that game alleged to be imported was really killed in England the seller would be liable to punishment. But where is the proof to come from? There is no way of differentiating, we believe, between an English partridge and a Continental one, nor does the foreign pheasant bear any distinctive mark, proclaiming that he is not of British parentage. Clearly, therefore, any unscrupulous dealer will be able, by adopting very easy precautions, to sell English game right through the close season, and it may be equally taken for granted that the forbidden goods will be forthcoming as required. Heretofore the poacher has been restrained by the extreme impossibility of finding a purchaser among dealers at a time of the year when they could not sell again without the gravest risk. Thanks, however, to the legal acumen of Chief Justice Coleridge and Mr. Justice Hawkins that obstacle is now removed, and the gallant poacher can carry on his vocation all the year round.

SIR CHARLES NEWTON.—Every one interested in Art and Archaeology must be glad to know that an effort is being made to provide a worthy memorial of the career of Sir Charles Newton, one of the most illustrious classical archaeologists whom England has produced. The study to which he has devoted his life is one of singular and perennial fascination, for it brings the student into contact with the noblest manifestations of some of the greatest qualities of the human intellect. Scholars are no longer content with a general conception of the aims of Greek Art. They seek to understand the origin and growth, and the laws that determined the successive phases of development through which it passed. To this enchanting science Sir Charles Newton has made many splendid contributions. He not only unearthed, and brought to England, some of the most precious treasures in the British Museum, but his knowledge and insight enabled him to disclose the full meaning and beauty of the works he discovered. It is proposed that a bust of Sir Charles shall be placed in the institution with which his name has so long been associated; and a more fitting memorial of his labours could not be imagined. We hope, however, that the subscriptions will be liberal enough to enable the committee, by the establishment of a prize or studentship, to encourage the study of classical archaeology. That, we may be sure, is the kind of honour that Sir Charles Newton himself would most warmly appreciate.

WORK AND WORKERS.—Certain statistics just given to the world by the Board of Trade fully account for the utter failure of the Socialist agitators to get up "Unemployed" demonstrations during the last few months. To succeed in that method of frightening society, it is necessary to have a solid substratum of genuine distress among the working-classes, as a nucleus for the disorderly and loafing elements to gather round. But this necessary ingredient appears to be almost wholly wanting just now. Seventeen labour organisations with very nearly one hundred and eighty thousand members in the aggregate, have given in their reports of employed and unemployed, together with their opinions on the present condition of their respective industries. The picture presented, therefore, covers a sufficient industrial area to serve as an index to the economic condition of the masses. We learn, then, that the percentage of unemployed among the members of these societies, which was 7.7 in 1887, and 5.7 last year, has now fallen to 2.17. That is to say, out of one hundred and seventy-nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven skilled toilers borne on the books last month, only three thousand nine hundred and four could not find work. It seems likely, too, from the steady and large improvement shown in every month this year, that by this time a good many of these unlucky workmen have found berths. It may be said, perhaps, that the figures only apply to skilled labour. That is so, but all experience demonstrates that when good fortune betides one wing of the industrial army, the other wing quickly shares it. In bad times, the displacement of labour from the skilled ranks adds to the plethora in the unskilled market; conversely, good times draw away from the unskilled some of its better constituents, and land them among the skilled. Society may safely reckon, therefore, that the present Eastertide sees very little genuine suffering among willing workers, except in those localities where the indigent and the helpless compete for starvation wages.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the conclusion of "THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE," written and illustrated by H. H. Johnston.

NOTICE.

The Postage abroad for the THIN PAPER EDITION, issued without the Green Cover, if despatched within eight days of date to any of the following countries, is 1d. per Copy—Africa, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape, Chili, Egypt, any part of Europe, Peru, Mexico, New Zealand, any part of the United States, West Indies; and 1 1/2d. per Copy to Ceylon, China, India, and Japan.

For the Ordinary Edition, with Green Cover, double the above rates are necessary. There must be no "enclosure," or writing inside, or on the Cover, beyond the name and address to which it is sent, and the stamp must not affix the addressed Cover to the Paper.

SUBSCRIBERS to this journal will please to note the following terms on which THE GRAPHIC will be posted to any part of the world, including postage and extra Summer and Christmas Numbers.

Edition—Thin		Thick	De Luxe
UNITED KINGDOM.		31s. 6d.	45s. 6d.
All parts of EUROPE, AFRICA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, BRAZIL, CANADA, CAPE, CHILI, EGYPT, JAMAICA, MAURITIUS, MEXICO, PERU, UNITED STATES, AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.		33s. 6d.	37s. 6d. 57s. 6d.
CEYLON, CHINA, INDIA, JAPAN.		34s. 6d. 39s. 6d. 60s. 6d.	36s. 6d. 42s. 6d. 65s. 6d.

Payment, which must be in advance, can be made by Cheque or P.O.O., payable to the Publisher, E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

NOW READY, NEW GRAPHIC VOLUME,

Comprising the Issues from July to December, 1888. The Volume contains over 500 Engravings by the best Artists, Illustrating the Current Events of the Day, as well as presenting Portraits of Eminent Persons and Copies of Celebrated Paintings, and many Original Drawings, both in Black and White, and in Colours. The Christmas Number is also included in this Volume. Bound in blue cloth, gilt letters and edges, 40s. It can be obtained of any bookseller, or it will be sent carriage free to any English Railway Station direct from the Office for 21s. Cases for binding any of these volumes can also be obtained—blue cloth gilt 4s; or plain, 3s.



FOR ADVERTISEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY see page 420.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. — MACBETH—SATURDAY, April 20, and Every Evening at Eight (except Thursday next, 25th inst.)—Overture, 7.55—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 15.

GLOBE.—KING RICHARD III.—Every Evening at 7.45. Shakespeare's Tragedy KING RICHARD III. Duke of Gloster. Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.—Mr. E. D. Price, Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART. — MONDAY, APRIL 22nd, THE BELLS OF HASLEMERE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE. — EVERY EVENING, at Seven, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Misses Adeline Montagu and Oliph Webb; Messrs. Algernon Syms, J. B. Lowe, W. Steadman, W. Gardner, &c. VARIETIES. Concluding with THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
ON MONDAY, APRIL 22nd.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
AN ENTIRELY NEW AND RECHERCHÉ ENTERTAINMENT.
SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES OF THE NEW PROGRAMME will be given
On MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.
in addition to the regular representation EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
Tickets and Places can be secured at Tree's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall any day, from 9.30 till 7. No Fees for Booking.
ON EASTER MONDAY BOTH PERFORMANCES will take place in THE GREAT HALL, FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.

JUNE HORSE SHOW, 1889.
JUNE 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.
Prize Lists on application to R. VENN, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

WAGNER in his Home.—"WAHNFRIED." Professor BECKMANN'S Celebrated Historical Picture, is NOW ON VIEW at RUD. IBACH SOHN'S Pianoforte Saloon, 113, Oxford Street, W. Admission by Private Card.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be available for an extended time.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside on Saturday, April 20th, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes on April 18th and 20th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS. Saturday, April 20th, from Victoria 4.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 5.55 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 7.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon to Brighton (Central Station), and West Brighton.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 6.45 p.m. Train from West Brighton, or the 7.10 p.m. Train Brighton (Central Station). Fare 5s.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS. Saturday, April 20th, from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 12.45 p.m., from London Bridge 4.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains on the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, and Hastings.

GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY to Tunbridge Wells and **EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.**

CRYSTAL PALACE, GRAND SACRED CONCERT, GOOD FRIDAY; SPECIAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS, EASTER MONDAY.—Frequent direct Trains Daily from London Bridge and New Cross, also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

FOR full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Programme, to be had at all Stations and Branch Booking Offices. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO NORWAY, visiting the North Cape, to see the Midnight Sun. The ORIENT CO. will despatch their large, full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse power) from London on the 13th June, for Christiania, Bergen, Gudvangen, Molde, Naes, Trondjem, Tromsø, North Cape, Hammerfest, Lerwick, arriving in London on the 9th July.

The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West End Agents, GRINDLAY and CO., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.



THE FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE

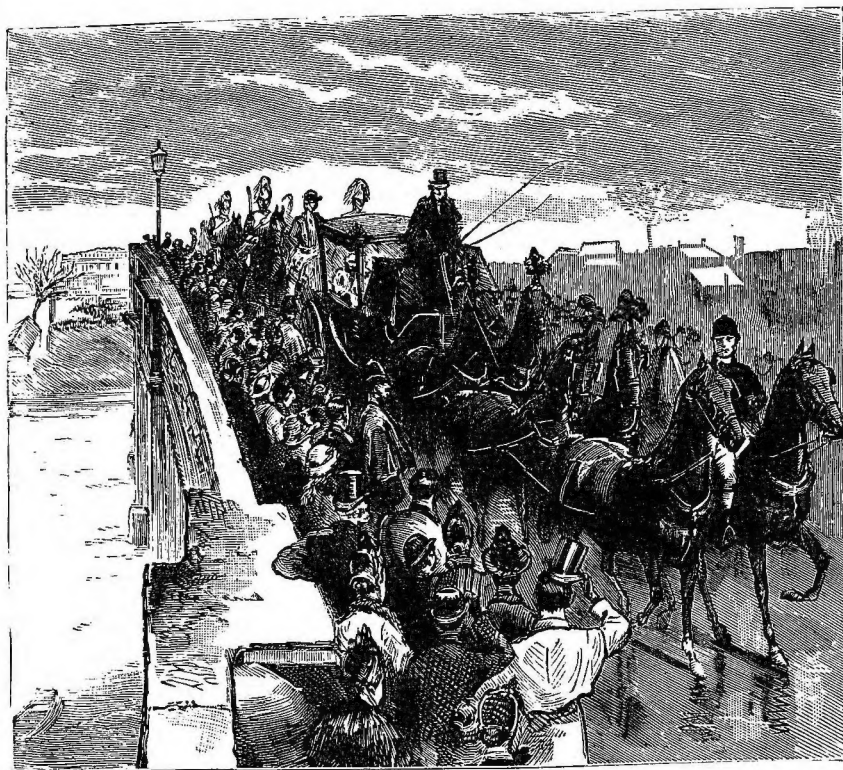
The funeral of the late Duchess of Cambridge took place on Saturday. Early on that morning a brief religious service was held at St. James's Palace, in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg, and other relatives. At half-past eight the coffin was carried from the apartments and placed in a hearse with glass sides, and the floral tributes of Her Majesty and the Royal Family placed upon it. As the coffin was taken from the Palace the Queen's Guard presented arms and drooped their colours. The hearse, followed by two carriages with members of the late Duchess's household, and escorted by a captain's escort of Life Guards, was then driven at a walking pace to Kew, which was reached in a couple of hours, and the coffin was at once borne into the hall of Cambridge Cottage, in compliance with the wishes of the late Duchess, who had expressed a desire that her funeral should be carried out in the same manner as that of her husband. Throughout the route crowds of people had assembled to see the mournful procession pass, and in some cases the fronts of the houses had been draped in black. Kew Green, which fronts Cambridge Cottage, was thronged, and a strong body of police and detachments of Coldstream, Scots, Grenadier, and Life Guards, and Hussars maintained order and kept the way clear for the mourners, and those privileged to enter the church. At eleven o'clock the mourners began to arrive, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor, and other members of the Royal Family, together with members of the Diplomatic Body, and representatives of Foreign sovereigns. With the exception of the military on duty, no one was in uniform, black frock coats and neckties being the prescribed costume. Inside the church draped chairs for the Queen and Princesses had been placed to the right of the chancel steps, below which was a bier for the coffin. An opening had been made in the lower part of the reredos so as to enable the coffin to be passed into the mausoleum. As soon as the mourners began to assemble the organ played a selection of appropriate sacred airs, and at a quarter to twelve the first Royal mourners arrived—the late Duchess's daughters, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Princess Mary and her daughter. The Princess of Wales and her three daughters came next, and then Her Majesty arrived with the Princess Beatrice, and, having been conducted to her seat, knelt in prayer. At noon the funeral procession left Cambridge Cottage, the Duchess's coronet being carried upon a black velvet cushion by Major-General H. Fulke Greville before the coffin, which was borne by men of the Coldstream Guards, under the command of Lieutenant Sutton, supported by six general officers, the personal friends of the late Duchess, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Beauchamp Walker, Sir Edmund Whitmore, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Charles Brownlow, and Sir Martin Dillon. Lord William Paulet and Sir Michael Biddulph were unavoidably prevented from attending. Then came the Duke of Cambridge as chief mourner, supported by the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and his son, the Duke of Teck and his sons, the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein representing Prince Christian. At the door of the church the procession was met by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal and the Duchess's domestic Chaplain, the Very Rev. Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. W. H. Bliss, Vicar of Kew. The opening sentences of the service were sung to Croft's music, and then the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light"—the coffin being placed on a bier in front of the altar, the coronet being laid upon it. The 90th Psalm was then chanted, after which the Lesson was read by the Dean of Windsor. The hymn, "Thy will be done," followed, and then Her Majesty, rising, advanced to the coffin, at the foot of which stood the Duke of Cambridge, and placed a wreath upon it—several of the Princesses following her example. After a short pause the guardsmen again took up the coffin and bore it to the front of the reredos. The committal portion of the service was then read by the Rev. E. Sheppard, and the coffin was drawn through the opening in the reredos into the mausoleum. After the prayers and collect, the hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er" was sung, and the blessing pronounced by the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice then left, the organ playing Beethoven's Funeral March, and the Duke of Cambridge and the other members of the Royal Family entered the mausoleum, and placed wreaths on the coffin of the Duchess, who lies by the side of her husband.

THE GENEVA CROSS IN CHINA

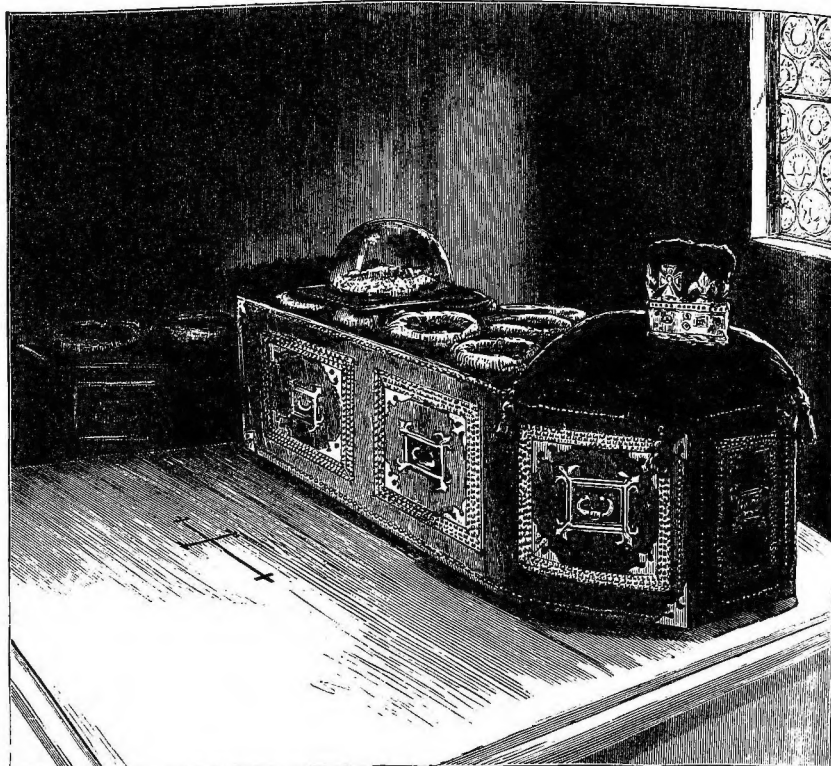
DR. W. WYKHAM MYERS, M.B., Honorary Surgeon and Director of Studies at the D. M. M. Hospital, Takao, Formosa, has for some time past been elaborating an experimental scheme for educating Chinese, solely in China, as medical men, and thereby inducing the Government to form a regular medical service. On August 27th, His Excellency Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of China, came to Tientsin, and inspected an ambulance detachment formed out of Dr. Myers' pupils and hospital assistants. The usual ambulance operations were gone through, such as lifting wounded men and placing them on stretchers, &c., and the Viceroy was evidently so much impressed by what he saw that it is quite possible the Government of China may formally adopt the scheme, which already has the support of nearly every influential foreigner, both in Hong Kong and Shanghai. They have helped both with purse and presence. The mere fact that on August 27th the Geneva Cross was for the first time introduced into China makes the occasion one of historical interest, but the Viceroy seems inclined to carry the matter to a practical conclusion by establishing a central department under the Admiralty, whence all appointments will be made, hospitals managed, &c. Dr. Myers, to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our engraving is made, has also forwarded us a very interesting memorandum, in which he tells Li-Hung-Chang the story of how he gradually instructed his students in the medical art until they were competent to come and exhibit their skill as ambulance men in the Viceroy's presence.

THE BAR AND THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

The annual general meeting of the Bar was held in the Old Dining Hall, Lincoln's Inn, on the afternoon of Saturday, April 13th, under the presidency of Sir Richard Webster. When it became known that the Attorney-General would preside, this was deemed a fitting opportunity, in view of the bitter attacks which have lately been made upon him, for testifying the respect and esteem entertained for him by his brethren in the profession. By 2.30 P.M., therefore, some 900 barristers had assembled in the hall, and when Sir Richard Webster, accompanied by Sir E. Clarke, the Solicitor-General, and a number of members of the Bar Committee, entered the Hall, there was a burst of loud and prolonged cheering, many of those present rising to their feet, and waving their hats. Sir Richard, however, though evidently affected by this display of good will, at once proceeded to the business before the meeting.

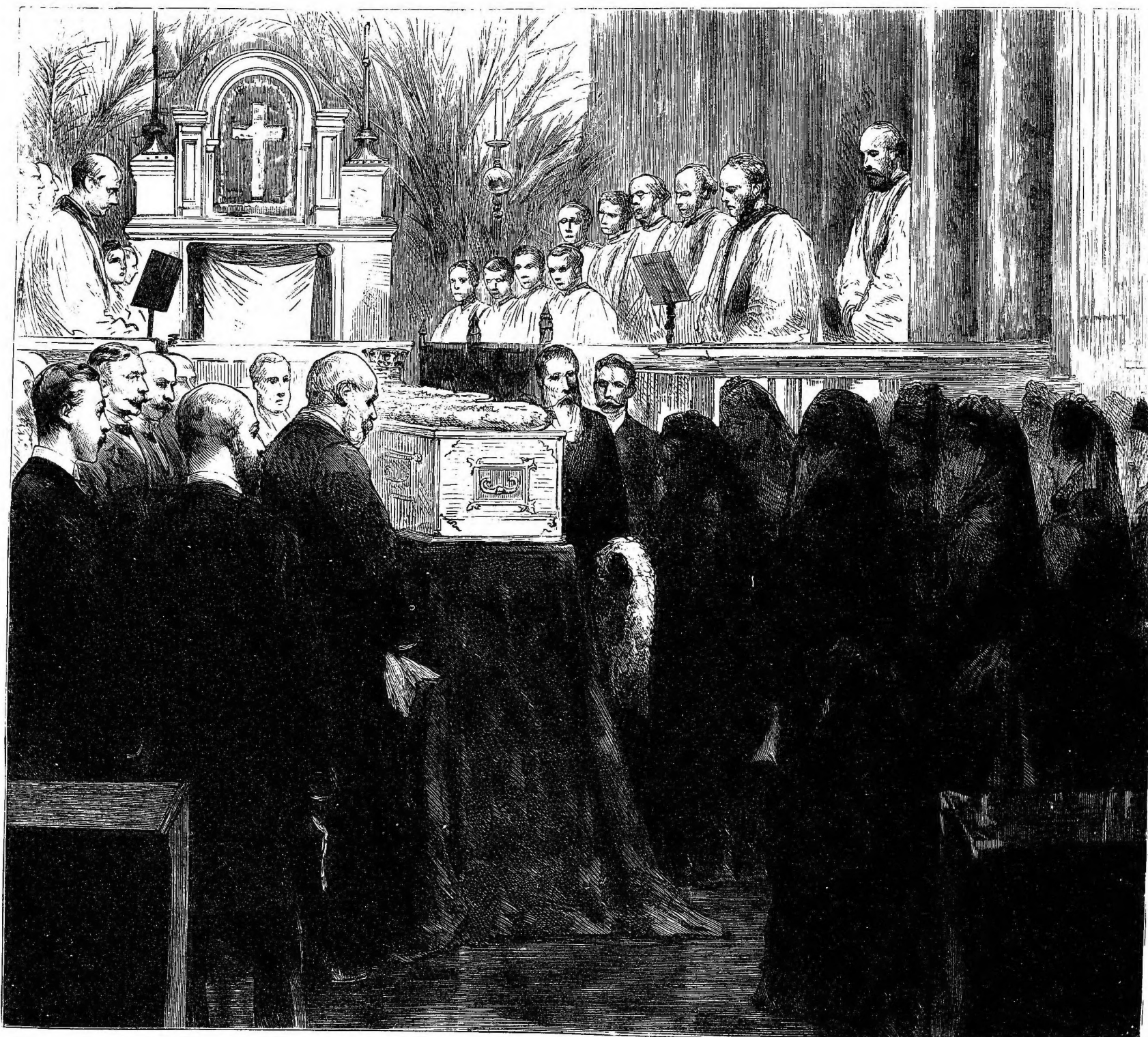


THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ENTERING KEW FROM LONDON



THE VAULT UNDER KEW CHURCH, SHOWING THE COFFIN OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

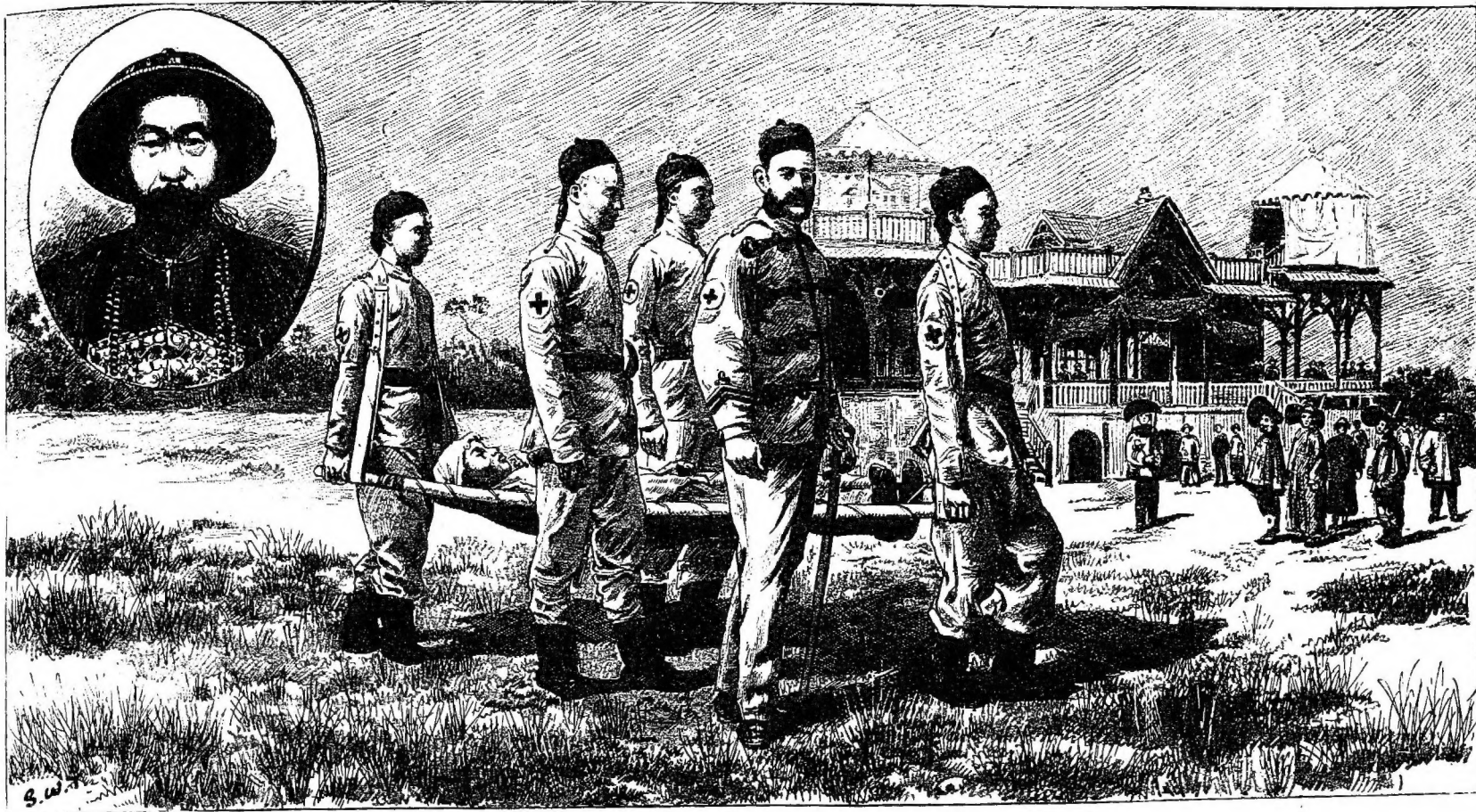
The Cross marks the spot where the coffin of the late Duchess now rests



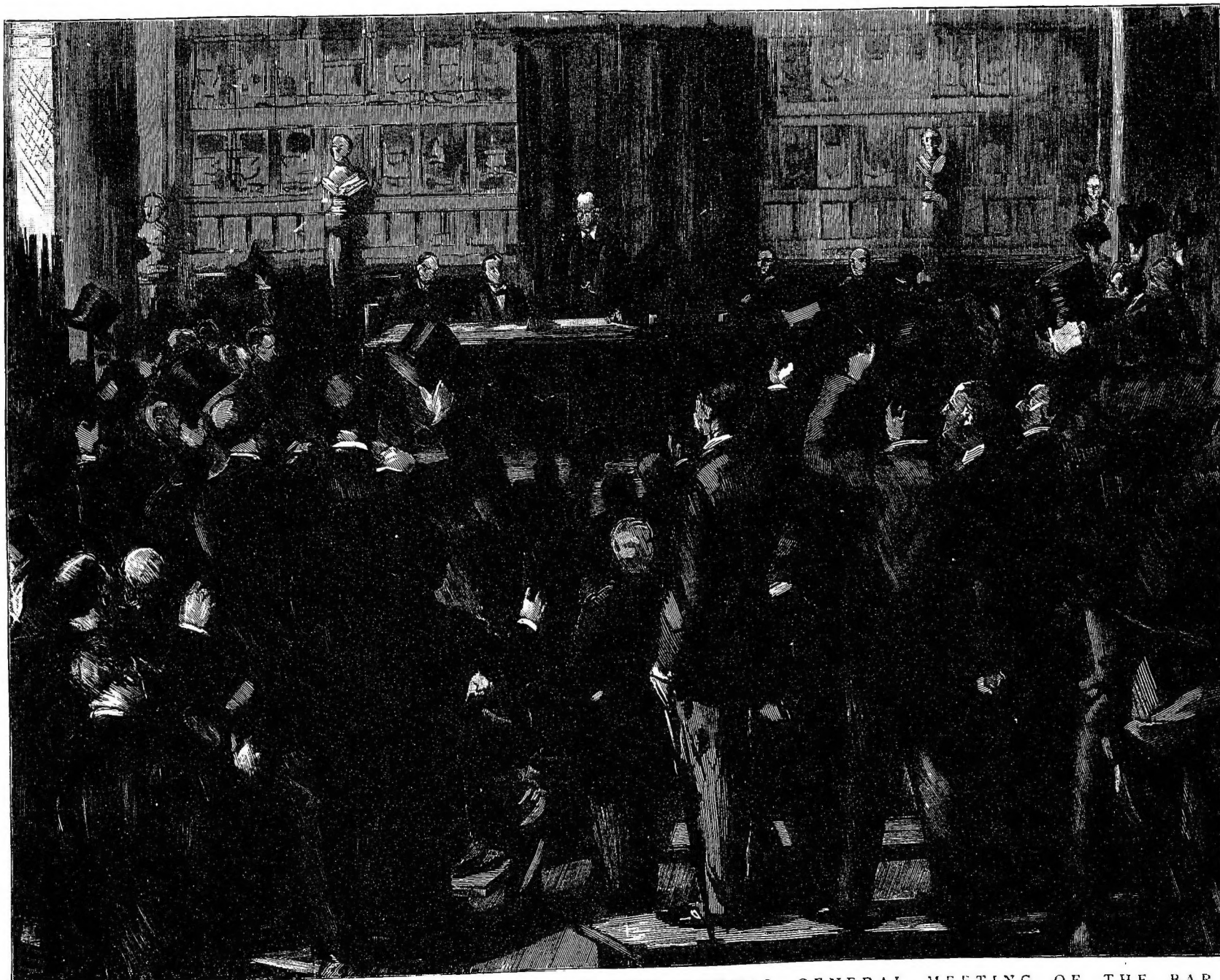
THE QUEEN PLACING A WREATH ON THE COFFIN

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE

H.E. LI HUNG CHANG
Who Inspected the Ambulance



THE GENEVA CROSS IN CHINA
THE FIRST AMBULANCE ESTABLISHED IN THE CHINESE ARMY



RECEPTION OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE BAR
IN THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN

When this was concluded, Mr. S. Pope, Q.C., rose to propose a vote of thanks to the Attorney-General for presiding over the meeting, and in the course of his speech spoke of Sir Richard Webster "as a good, true, and loyal comrade, absolutely incapable of intentional cruelty, or of professional disgrace or dishonour. The high traditions and integrity and honour of our great profession will never be tarnished in his hands." Mr. Pope added, amid laughter and cheers, "I am of those who intensely disagree with the Attorney-General's opinions, but I move that we thank him for coming among us to-day as our official and recognised head." Sir J. P. Deane, Q.C., spoke in a similar strain, and then Sir Richard Webster, who was almost overcome with emotion, returned thanks, and said that not wittingly had the reputation of their great profession suffered in his hands; no doubt he had made mistakes, but, as had been recently said, the man who did not make mistakes very seldom made anything. The proceedings then terminated, the Attorney-General being loudly cheered as he withdrew.

THE FARNELL COMMISSION

DURING the last two days of Sir Charles Russell's speech for the defence, there was a larger attendance of visitors than usual in the body of the Court, ladies especially predominating. Among the visitors were Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, Sir Walter Phillimore, Sir Charles Foster, Lady Hayter, Lady Rodney, Lady Russell, Mr. Childers, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. Handel Cossham, and Mr. Jacob Bright. On the 17th inst. Sir Charles devoted himself principally to two points; first he endeavoured to show that the connection between the Irish Parliamentary leaders and the dynamite party in America was not so close as the witness Le Caron and others had represented; and, secondly, he analysed the letters put forth by Pigott with the view of showing that the *Times* and their advisers had been completely deceived. On the following day he read copious extracts from the *Times* articles of the early part of 1887, with the view of showing that the tremendous charges brought forward in those articles were baseless, being founded on documents which had been shown to be of a bogus character. The last half hour of the speech was devoted to an eloquent peroration. Sir Charles declared that the trial intended for a curse had proved a blessing. "I said in my opening that we represented the accused. That is so no longer. We are the accusers. The accused" (pointing to the *Times* bench, where sat Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald) "sit there!" In conclusion he said that "the result of the trial would be to bring about a real reconciliation and a true union between two great peoples." The President sent down to the orator a pencil-note containing the words: "A great speech, worthy of a great occasion," and then the Court adjourned till April 30th.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER TO ENGLAND

MR. ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, who has recently been appointed by President Harrison the United States Minister to the Court of St. James's in the place of Mr. Phelps, is the only surviving son of President Lincoln, who was assassinated in 1865. He was born at Springfield, Illinois, August 1st, 1843; was educated at Harvard University, and entered the Law School of that institution. He was desirous, however, of taking part in the Civil War, which was then nearing its end, and accordingly joined the staff of General U. S. Grant as a volunteer aide-de-camp. He served with zeal and efficiency through the final campaign, which ended at the battle of Appomattox. At the close of the war Mr. Lincoln resumed his law studies, and afterwards practised, with great success, in Chicago. In 1881, after many previous refusals to enter public life, he joined President Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State for War, and he was the only member of that Cabinet who retained his portfolio after Mr. Garfield's death. Indeed, he served up to the end of President Arthur's Administration. He is said to be an indefatigable worker, and an old Adjutant-General pronounced him to be the best War Secretary since Jefferson Davis. Since the spring of 1885 he has diligently resumed the practice of his profession in Chicago. Mr. Lincoln is a good-looking man, five feet ten inches high, blue-eyed, and brown-bearded. Like his celebrated father, he has a fondness for quaint anecdote. He is cordial in his relations with men, social in his tastes, a reader of good literature, an habitual smoker, and a first-rate poker-player. By his wife, who is in better health than she was, and who accompanies him to England, he has two sons and a daughter.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Rockwood, 17, Union Square, New York.

M. CHEVREUL

MICHEL-EUGÈNE CHEVREUL was born on August 31st, 1786, at Angers, France, where his father was in high repute as a doctor. He was educated at the Central School, Angers, and entered the Chemical Works at Paris at the age of seventeen. In 1810 he became assistant to the Professor of Chemistry at the Jardin des Plantes; in 1813 he was appointed to the Chemical Chair at the Lycée Charlemagne; and later on he was chosen as Superintendent of the Dye-Works and Lecturer on Chemistry at the Gobelins Carpet Factory. He was a most active and laborious student in addition to the practical work which constituted his daily duty; he wrote many important papers, and made several valuable discoveries (for example, that of stearine candles); and when, in 1852, he was awarded by the National Industry Encouragement Society the prize of 12,000 francs, Professor Dumas said his books were a model to all chemists, and that the commercial value of his discoveries was enormous. During later years M. Chevreul's professional reputation found a formidable rival in his longevity. The public were interested in him less as a famous chemist than as an extremely old man. His centenary two years ago was made the occasion of a great demonstration. Since then he lived very quietly in his house at the Jardin des Plantes. The pet of his last days was the Eiffel Tower. Every day he drove to watch its progress. Recently his son, M. Henri Chevreul, died. The news was kept from him, but he evidently suspected the truth. On April 3rd, when he returned from his daily drive to the Eiffel Tower, he showed signs of great weakness, and had to be carried up to his apartments. He sank gradually without pain, and quietly breathed his last on the morning of April 9th. Had he lived to August 31st next, he would have attained the age of 103 years. M. Chevreul received the honours of a public funeral.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Nadar, 51, Rue d'Anjou, Paris.

CAPTAIN H. F. BOWLES, M.P.

OWING to the death of the Earl of Radnor, his son, Viscount Folkestone, was summoned to the Upper House, thus causing a vacancy in the Enfield Division of Middlesex. The seat was contested on March 30th, when Captain Bowles, the Conservative candidate, defeated his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. Fairbairns, by 1,512 votes. This leaves the political colour unchanged, as at the two previous elections in 1885 and 1886, Lord Folkestone (C) beat his successive adversaries by majorities of 960 and 2,020 respectively. Captain Henry Ferryman Bowles, of Myddelton House, Enfield, is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Carrington Bowles, of Myddelton House, a magistrate for Middlesex and Westminster. His mother is Cornelia, daughter of the late Mr. George Kingdom. He was born in 1858, and is a Captain in the 7th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. H. Fellows, The Old Court House, Enfield.

THE NATAL ROUTE TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS

LADYSMITH is at present the terminus of the Natal Railway, but, before long it is expected that the line will be completed up to the border of the Colony at Coldstream. Meanwhile, Ladysmith presents a very busy scene, since thousands of tons of goods are deposited there, waiting to be conveyed to the gold-fields by ox or mule waggon. Huge boilers, crushing boxes, &c., are scattered about, and all kinds of natives congregate to do the hauling and lifting work: "I was much struck," says Mr. Dennis Edwards, our special correspondent at the Cape, by whom our sketches are executed, "with the number of old uniforms worn by the natives; a few had on an old shirt in addition, but most of them were simply attired in a soldier's jacket." The other illustrations are self-explanatory.

STROLLING PLAYERS' AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

THIS society was formed in 1881, at the instance of the present honorary conductor, Mr. Norfolk Megone, who, starting with a band of about twenty performers, and twice as many honorary members, worked hard, with the view of making the little company as perfect as an amateur band could be made. The concerts, first held in St. Andrew's, then at Princes', and later in St. James' Halls, proved highly successful. The Society quickly gained the public favour, and the band rapidly increased to 100 performers, and the honorary members to 350. The Society gives three Members' Concerts each season in St. James' Hall, which are always largely attended; and Smoking Concerts at Princes' Hall, which are distinguished by the tasteful floral decorations.—Our illustration represents one of these latter concerts held on April 6th. This Society, by giving special concerts in and about London, has also aided financially many charitable institutions. Mr. Lewis Weber has from the foundation of the Society acted as hon. treasurer, and Mr. F. Sutton Hawes has been chairman since 1883.

THE RESTORATION OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY'S GUNS

THE little difficulty which, for some months, has so disturbed the relations between the War Office and the Honourable Artillery Company has now been smoothed over, and on Thursday week, a detachment of some two hundred of the corps, accompanied by their cavalry troop, rode down to Woolwich to receive back the battery of field-guns of which they were recently deprived by the War Office. The guns were brought back to the Armoury House, Finsbury, in triumph—and, to celebrate the occasion, the officers entertained the non-commissioned officers and men of the battery at supper in the evening.

ENGLISH CHURCH AT PARTENKIRCHEN, BAVARIA

PARTENKIRCHEN is a picturesque town of Bavaria, of considerable antiquity, being known to the Romans as Parthenus. It is romantically situated, being shut in by high mountains, amongst which the Zugspitze rises conspicuously for nearly 10,000 feet, being the highest mountain in Germany. The town is only ten miles from Ammergau, and would well be worth a visit from those who intend to go to see the Passion Play next year, and who might this year be looking up the district to secure accommodation. Our illustrations are from photographs, kindly forwarded by Colonel Ward. One shows a view from Partenkirchen, looking westwards, showing the English church, the Zugspitze, the Wachsenstein (7,000 ft.) immediately under its peak, and the Austrian mountains in the right distance. Another view shows Partenkirchen itself, with the Eckenburg (6,000 ft.) behind it, and the house of a British resident. The spire of the little English church shows just above the roof of the house on the extreme left. The scenery around the whole district is exceedingly beautiful, and by some is preferred even to that of Switzerland.

HOSPITAL DEMONSTRATION AT THE EAST END

ON the evening of April 8th, a large demonstration took place at the East End in connection with the Hospital Saturday Fund. Thousands of persons lined the Whitechapel and Mile End Roads to welcome the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs, who attended in State, and who were escorted from the Mansion House to the Great Assembly Hall, where the meeting was held, and which accommodates 5,000 persons, by a body-guard of the Second Tower Hamlets Engineers. At Whitechapel the Lord Mayor was met by deputations from various Friendly and Trade Societies, comprising Foresters, Sons of Phoenix, Druids, and Loyal United Friends, as well as representatives of the Shipwrights, Coopers, Stevedores, Bow Railway Works, East London Soap Works, and other large firms. The presence of some Hospital Nurses in uniform added picturesqueness to the gathering.

The Lord Mayor, who presided at the meeting, was supported by the Earl of Meath and other persons of influence. Their object in meeting, he said, was to try and fill the hospital beds, 2,637 in all, which were now empty. These 2,637 beds are not empty because there are no poor sick creatures to occupy them, but because there are no funds to keep them there. The average cost of these beds is a pound a-week. To fill them all, therefore, would cost 104,000l. a-year, and the Lord Mayor proposed that this sum should be raised by penny weekly subscriptions in factories and workshops. They proposed to issue 40,000 lists to be handed to persons in whom the workpeople had confidence, and also to place boxes in establishments where less than a dozen persons were employed. If each workshop would contribute an average of 3l. 10s. per annum, he reckoned that they would get as much money as they wanted.

THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE, IV.

See pp. 421 et seqq.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

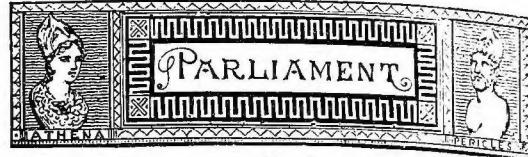
A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brentnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 425.

THE DEFENCES OF THE EMPIRE—BOMBAY VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY

IN Lord Brassey's recent speech before the London Chamber of Commerce on the "Defences of the Empire," he referred at length to the Battery of Volunteer Artillery recently formed at Bombay, and he counselled Colombo, Singapore, and other important places to follow the lead in organising such a corps. One of our illustrations represents the first inspection of the Bombay Volunteer Artillery by the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief. The men are seen manning four 25-pounder guns in rear of the Town Hall. The second illustration represents the Battery falling in at Sir Richard Temple's statue for a great review of the troops in garrison by the Duke on April 14th. On that occasion the Bombay Volunteer Artillery were, with the two Native regiments present, singled out for special commendation for steadiness in the march past. There were 3,000 men on parade, the large proportion Regulars. The corps is 103 strong, exclusive of honorary members—all *pukka* Europeans, as the phrase goes—out from England, stalwart and strong.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. E. Taurines, Bombay.

"HISTORY OF A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES"

SINCE the primrose has been adopted as the emblematical flower of the late Lord Beaconsfield, its blossoms are in greater demand than ever when the anniversary of his death comes round. It is become as extinct as the *edelweiss* in many parts of Switzerland. As it is, many of the most favourite gathering-grounds have been so continuously stripped by market-caterers as to yield no profitable return at present. Our page of pictures needs no explanation; but some further information about primroses will be found in an article on page 414.



THE original arrangement of the Government was that the House of Commons should rise after a morning sitting on Tuesday, resuming its sittings on Thursday in next week. Mr. Woodall attempted to bring about a variation in this plan by inducing the House to sit over last Wednesday, in order to debate the Woman's Suffrage Bill. But in vain the old cry of chivalry rang through the House. Members were, in all ordinary circumstances, ready enough to give *place aux dames*; but, when it meant sitting to the eve of Good Friday, it was felt that too great a demand was made upon man's natural selfishness. A House which had sat on Christmas Eve declined to face the necessity of meeting to move the adjournment for the Easter holidays on the Thursday before Good Friday. So Mr. Woodall's measure has fallen through for this Session, and there has been presented the spectacle of a public meeting, at which the amiable and popular leader of the movement for the political emancipation of women has been beaten about the head with his own Bill by angry supporters who, in their wrath, did not disguise their suspicion that he had trafficked with the enemy, and put down his Bill for the Wednesday in Passion Week with the deliberate expectation of seeing it thrown over.

When Mr. Labouchere, going on another tack, urged the desirability of extending the recess beyond the modest limit of Thursday, a very different reception was given. Mr. Smith at once said he would consider the matter, and on Friday the House, with manifestations of delight that could not have been exceeded had the head master of a boys' school announced a special holiday, learned that it was to have nearly a fortnight's recess. In the general good feeling induced by this concession it seemed reasonable to hope that business would be cheerily advanced. There were several notices of amendment barring the entrance to Committee of Supply, but if they were talked of in business-like fashion they might be all disposed of by ten o'clock, and a couple of hours spared for the Civil Service Estimates.

This sanguine expectation was dispelled by a quite unexpected agency. Mr. Parnell has been little seen in the House of Commons during the current Session. His diligent attendance at the Probate Court has exhausted his energies. On Friday night he abruptly interposed, and on the formal motion which settled the adjournment he once more raised debate on the state of affairs in Donegal, which had occupied the members for some hours of the previous sitting. The last time Mr. Parnell addressed the House was just after the collapse of the *Times* case, in as far as it had been supported by Pigott. His quiet, even dignified, manner in the hour of triumph had struck every one, and had excited the applause of his bitterest political enemies. On Friday night, fresh from listening to the conclusion of Sir Charles Russell's speech, he appeared in quite a new mood. He was peremptory and passionate, characterising the assertions of the Chief Secretary as unfounded, and declaring that whilst the recklessness of his statements was notorious he had in a particular instance "out-Heroded himself."

Mr. Parnell dwelt upon two circumstances calculated to strike the public eye to the disadvantage of the Government. One was the issue of a circular which had, somehow or other, fallen into the hands of the Irish members. It was marked "Very Secret," was distributed to constabulary stations from the offices of divisional magistrates in November, 1888, and asked for various detailed information respecting members of the Land League convicted of agrarian crime since September, 1879. Of course the Irish members sought to associate such a document, issued at this particular date, with the alleged efforts of the Government to assist Mr. Soames in accumulating evidence for the case of the *Times*. The other matter, alluded to at even greater length, was the appearance upon the scene of evictions in Ireland of the now-famous battering ram. There is no doubt that these were awkward questions for the Government, and were sprung upon the Chief Secretary without notice. Mr. Balfour's bearing under the assault was therefore the more admirable. The brunt of the attack fell upon him personally, and he advanced to meet it with unruffled mien and undaunted courage. Through an incessant course of speeches made in the yet young Session, Mr. Balfour has not excelled the grace and strength of this impromptu oration of Friday night, when, with his back to the wall, he, single-handed, defended himself and his administration against the combined attack of the Irish members under the personal direction of their leader, with Sir William Harcourt noisily thundering on his flank.

On Tuesday, after a morning sitting, the House of Commons adjourned for the Easter recess, a step which the Lords had taken on their own part on the previous Thursday. The morning sitting was occupied with Committee of Supply, Mr. Jackson struggling gallantly to add to the already pretty fair accomplishments of his department. The attendance was small, many members contenting themselves with having waited for the Budget Night, which befel on Monday.

But, even on Budget Night, the attendance of members had clearly fallen off in anticipation of the holidays. Mr. Gladstone led the way, leaving town for Hawarden on Saturday—a very remarkable evidence of his absorption in a single theme. Time was when no earthly power could have induced the right hon. gentleman to be absent from his place in the House of Commons on Budget Night. As far as memory and current report go, Monday was the first Budget Night he has missed for fifty years. But in his mind Ireland is first, and the rest, even the Budget, is second where. Mr. Gladstone's record as a Budget-Nighter is exceeded by that of Lord Cottesloe, who, faithful to the last, listened to the greater part of Mr. Goschen's interesting speech. It is true that after the first hour the noble lord departed; but then he is in his ninety-first year, and this was the sixty-third consecutive Budget he had heard opened.

Mr. Goschen's speech was admirable, the more attractive since the audience that had gathered to listen expected very little. It was known that no sensational policy was contemplated. It was believed, correctly as it turned out, that taxation would be left as it stood. Consequently no great trade interests were either alarmed with apprehension, or exhilarated with hope. Mr. Goschen, it was also known, is not the man who might be expected to embellish a financial statement with flowers of oratory. Nor did he; but he nevertheless delivered a statement which extended over a space of two hours and a-half, and was listened to throughout with profound attention. Usually the Chancellor of the Exchequer

plays with his eager audience for the space of an hour whilst he digs out dry details from the Blue Books and ledgers of the past financial year. What his audience are yearning to know is how the Estimates will stand for the coming financial year, how the surplus will be disposed of, or the deficit provided for. Mr. Goschen, not will be surprised in store, was at liberty to devote his energy and his ability to extracting lessons and disseminating scraps of information from his experience as Chancellor of the past year. To these the House listened with keen attention.

As to the main scheme of the Budget, Mr. Goschen's lucid statement may be condensed into a couple of sentences. He had to meet a deficit of 1,917,000*l.*, arising out of increased expenditure on the National Defence and the transference of certain sums from the Imperial revenues to the Local Government Exchequer. This he does by appropriating a million from the savings on Conversion of Debt, providing 800,000*l.* by an increase in the Death Duties, and a safe balance of 300,000*l.* by a readjustment of the tax on beer. The Budget scheme was most favourably received, particularly on the Liberal benches.



POLITICAL.—As the electoral contest in Central Birmingham produced the first, and it is to be hoped the last, disagreement between the two sections of the Unionist phalanx, a peculiar interest was taken in the progress and issue of the struggle. At one of its earlier stages this disagreement inspired the anti-Unionists with hopes, which the event has signally disappointed. Mr. John Albert Bright (L.U.) has been elected by a majority of 3,060, polling 5,621 votes in the Division, that of 1885, the late Mr. Bright (who was returned without opposition in 1886), polled 4,987 votes to Lord Randolph Churchill's 4,216, majority 773. The total poll of 1885 having thus been 9,203, and that of Monday only 8,182, although in the interval more than 1,000 electors were added to the Register, there must have been this week a considerable number of abstentions on one side or the other, on either or on both. Mr. J. A. Bright, who enters Parliament for the first time, is in his forty-first year. His younger brother, Mr. W. L. Bright, M.P. for Stoke, is a Gladstonian Liberal.—At a recent meeting of Gladstonians at Norwich, Lord Rosebery diverged somewhat from the beaten track in a speech on the Irish Question. He admitted that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measures attempted too much at the moment, and came on the country too suddenly. Further, he suggested that, when a House of Commons is returned pledged to the principle of Home Rule, the Ministry should appoint a Commission of great constitutional lawyers and permanent civil servants to report how the details of the scheme might be best adjusted to our present Parliamentary system.—A resolution adopted by the Workmen's Constitutional Union in favour of starting Conservative working-men as candidates for Parliament in suitable constituencies having been forwarded to Lord Salisbury, he replied that he thinks this very desirable, when the candidates are likely to suit the constituencies. The Premier added, however, that the decision must rest with the local bodies, as they select the candidate likely to secure the greatest number of Conservative votes.

IRELAND.—Prisoners not sentenced to hard labour being allowed by the law to be exempted from doing ordinary prison work on paying the cost of their gaol diet, an application to be thus exempted made by Mr. Sheehy, M.P., who is imprisoned in Limerick Gaol, has been successful.—Another parish priest, Father Maher, of Luggacurran, has been convicted under the Crimes Act on a charge of advocating the Plan of Campaign at a National League meeting, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment without hard labour. The usual notice of appeal was given, and the reverend delinquent was liberated on bail.—A number of evictions—to which resistance was made by assailing the operators with stones and boiling water—having been carried out last week on the Olphert estate, in Donegal, all the evicted tenants and their families, fifty in number, were found, on Sunday, to have returned to their homes. The only action possible for the landlord is to proceed against them for re-taking possession.

A DEPUTATION, introduced by Cardinal Manning, has been urging on the Home Secretary the desirability of applying the principle of the Factory Acts to children employed in theatres, music-halls, and other places of public entertainment, and in the mean time of prohibiting such employment in the case of children under fourteen. Mr. Matthews promised a careful consideration of the subject, on which legislation, he remarked with some emphasis, would not be easy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A fund is being raised by a committee, of which the First Lord of the Treasury is a member, to be applied as a memorial of the late Guy Dawnay to the purchase of a presentation for the admission of one boy at a time to the Gordon Boys' Home, where he is to be educated for the Army.—The Lord and Lady Mayoress have been paying a visit in State to Peckham, where he presided at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting held to promote the proposed penny collections for the London Hospitals.—Sir Andrew Clark has been re-elected president of the College of Physicians.—According to a return just issued by the Board of Trade, the total value of the fish landed last year on the coasts of the United Kingdom was 4,212,957*l.*—12,000 emigrants to the United States passed through Liverpool last week.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her ninetieth year, of the Dowager-Lady Montegale, an early promoter of the higher education of women, widow of the first Lord Montegale (before his elevation to the peerage, Mr. Spring Rice, who filled various offices in successive Whig Ministries, among them that of Chancellor of the Exchequer), and daughter of the late Mr. John Marshall, the head of a great flax-spinning concern in Leeds, and one of the two last M.P.'s for the whole County of Yorkshire; in her eighty-first year, of Lady Fludger; in his fifty-fourth year, of Sir Morison Barlow, Bart.; in his eighty-fifth year, of General Sir John F. Bradford, who served in the First Afghan War and in the Boer campaigns against the Sikhs; in his eighty-fourth year, of General Captain Henry Eyre, Colonel of the Fifty-ninth Regiment (Second Battalion, East Lancashire); in his eightieth year, of Mr. John Benjamin Lee, a most respected lay officer of the Church of England, who had held the position of Legal Secretary under two successive Primates, and to eighteen or twenty prelates, among them three successive Bishops of London; of Mr. William E. Seecombe, Mayor of Pembroke, formerly an Admiralty official; in his fifty-second year, of the Rev. Walter Clark, Head Master of Derby School; in his seventieth year, of Mr. William B. Ranken, a well-known philanthropist, founder and hon. secretary of the Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners, and chairman of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School; and in his forty-fourth year, of Mr. James Annand, a native of Aberdeenshire, who constructed the first railway in Japan, and after returning home established the firm of Annand and Co., iron merchants.



THE TURF.—Pioneer's forward running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes caused him to become a strong favourite for the City and Suburban. Consequently there was much surprise, and not a little indignation, among his backers when it became known, last week, that he had been scratched. But Mr. Abington's explanation, that he was not going to trust a colt with such valuable engagements to run a hard race over a dangerous course with only a lad on his back, is perfectly satisfactory. Evil rumours were abroad last week regarding Friar's Balsam, who, it was said, had had a recurrence of his jaw trouble. We are glad to learn, however, on the authority of his trainer, that the report is without foundation, and that "Balsam" is as well as possible.

At Newmarket on Thursday, last week, the concluding day of the Craven Meeting, the Craven Stakes were taken by Mr. Low's Gay Hampton, who has thus already nearly recouped his owner for the 3,000 guineas paid for him as a yearling. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild took three races, F. Barrett being "up" on each occasion, and Prince Soltykoff's Sheen and Mr. H. Milner's often-disappointing Whistle Jacket were among the other winners.

The nine-year-old Brayley took a couple of races at the Derby Meeting, which finished up the week. The Sudbury Stakes fell to Mr. Houldsworth's Carrick, the Welbeck Stakes to Mr. Abington's Master Bill, and the Doveridge Handicap to General Byrne's Amphion. The Osmaston Plate was won by Prince of Tyre, with whom a somewhat curious policy was pursued, inasmuch as he had been entered on the same day for a 50*l.* selling race. Needless to say, for this he did not run.—At Nottingham the Spring Handicap was secured by The Rejected, and the Bestwood Park Plate Handicap by Maskery; while the Portland Plate fell to Linthorpe, and the Rufford Abbey Plate to The Vicar.

It appears that Mr. Cyril Flower's Sultan was not qualified to run in a maiden race, and, consequently, the House of Commons Steeplechase stakes have been awarded to Mr. Elliot Lees, whose Damon came in second.

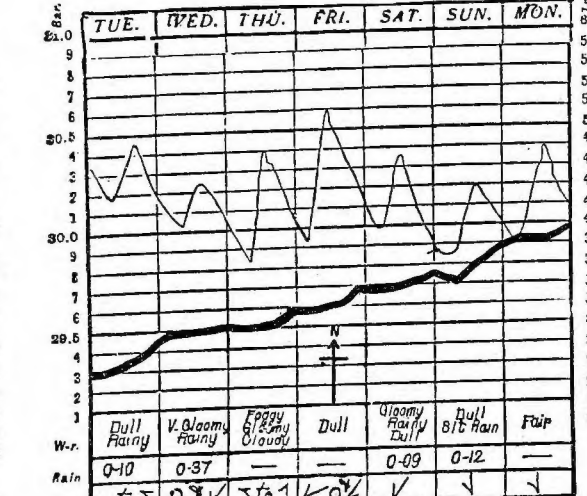
FOOTBALL.—England scored two goals during the first half-time of the match against Scotland, but during the remainder of the time the Scotchmen held the upper hand, and despite the splendid defence of the brothers Walters and Moon in goal, put on three points, which gave them victory by three goals to two. The winners were certainly the better team. The English forwards were deficient in combination. Next year we trust the Association will endeavour to give the International team at least one practice game before the final day. A different team appeared for Scotland at Wrexham, on Monday, with the result that, for the first time on record, Wales was not defeated, but made a draw of it.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts showed wonderful form in the tournament at the Sportsman's Exhibition, and made some very large breaks, but he was twice defeated—by Taylor and Cook; and Mitchell, who played consistently well, and was only once beaten (by the Champion), took the prize with a score of six victories. Lloyd fell off towards the end of his spot-barred match with North, and was easily defeated.

ATHLETICS.—Sidney Thomas followed up his fine performance in the Ten Miles Championship by taking the Three Miles Handicap at the L.A.C. Meeting on Saturday in 15 min. 33-5th secs. Pollock-Hill took the Half-Mile Handicap, also from scratch, in 1 min. 59 secs.; but the Two Miles Walking Handicap fell to a veteran, in the person of C. M. Callow, who showed wonderful staying power for a man the wrong side of fifty.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The competition for the Amateur Racquets Championship is in progress at the Queen's Club. Major Spens ran up a sequence of 22 aces in his match in the first round, but afterwards succumbed to youth, in the person of Mr. E. M. Butler, the Light Blue Champion.—At Lacrosse, on Saturday, the South, for a wonder, beat the North.

WEATHER CHART
FOR THE WEEK ENDING MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Monday midnight (15th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has again been dull, showery, and cool generally. Pressure was lowest in large and ill-defined areas, which were mostly found over the Southern portions of our Islands, France, or were mostly found over the North of Scandinavia, and secondarily Germany, while it was highest over the North of Scotland. The prevailing winds were from between the North-West to the close of the time, when they became East and North-East to North-West, in force they were light to moderate. The sky, although locally clear and bright at times, was chiefly overcast, and while steady rain fell at a few places, frequent showers were experienced in nearly all localities. Temperature was decidedly low generally. Frost was shown once or twice at some of the Scotch Stations, but taken as a whole the nights were only slightly below the normal, the real deficit being due to the low maxima. These latter readings never reached 50° at any of our stations, and were more commonly below 50°, while on Sunday (14th inst.) they were as much as 10° to 14° below the average at several of the English Stations. The barometer was highest (29.97 inches) on Monday (15th inst.); lowest (29.31 inches) on Tuesday (16th inst.); range 0.66 inch. The temperature was highest (52°) on Friday (12th inst.); lowest (37°) on Thursday (11th inst.); range 15°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.68 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.37 inch on Wednesday (11th inst.).

SOME FINE SPECIMENS OF AUSTRALIAN BIRDS may now be seen at the Royal Colonial Institute. The Sydney Museum sent over 105 choice birds as a present to the Institute.



A CENTENARIAN OF 114 YEARS has just died at Chicago, according to the *New York Herald*.

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PARIS in forty-five days will be attempted by four Russian officers early next month.

A CURIOUS BREACH OF PROMISE CASE is being tried in New York. The plaintiff is a black Jewess, and the defendant a Chinese merchant.

A GOVERNMENT GAMBLING SUPPRESSION DEPARTMENT has been established at Singapore, owing to the immense increase of gaming in the Straits Settlements. The department is empowered to expel habitual gamblers from the colony.

THE PALACE AND GARDENS OF VERSAILLES are being restored, after having fallen into a lamentable state of decay during the last few years. Repairing the great fountains has proved a very expensive affair, the Neptune Fountain alone costing over 20,000*l.*

A NOVEL ART ACADEMY is to be opened in Bavaria, where students will be systematically taught how to restore pictures in the most careful and artistic fashion. The scheme is due to the Regent Luitpold, who is a great Art patron, and has been much impressed by the damage done to valuable works through unskilled restoration and cleanings.

THE WORKING CLASSES IN MELBOURNE certainly appreciate educational advantages. The Working Men's College has only been open a year, yet 2,000 students attended the classes, while at the first examination, last December, 703 men presented themselves in twenty-nine subjects. Of these, 404 were highly successful, and 207 passed creditably.

PASTELS are coming into favour in France as much as in England, and the fifth annual exhibition of the Pastellists' Society, just opened in Paris, is considered one of the most taking displays of this season. Only a small number of works are shown, all carefully-chosen contributions, and the pictures not being crowded, they are seen to the best advantage.

PROFESSOR VAMBERY and four other Hungarian savants have obtained the Sultan's permission to explore the secret archives of the Imperial library at Stamboul, in which are many historically interesting documents which were carried away by the Turks in their wars with Hungary. The result of these researches is looked forward to with much interest.

TEA-CIGARETTES are said to be coming into fashion for feminine smoking in England—a fancy which matches the American tea-leaf eating we mentioned last week. Only the choicest kinds of tea are used; and, though the fumes are not pleasant to the general public, the smokers find their nerves greatly soothed for a time. After-wards, however, the inevitable reaction takes place, and they are apt to become somewhat excited.

COUNTRY CLERGY IN REMOTE DISTRICTS who have to serve two or more churches, and find it difficult to reconcile the hours of service, will probably wish that they could follow the example of their brethren in Maine, U.S.A. Two Congregational churches share one pastor between them, and both wanted service at the same time. The problem was solved by the pastor's wife officiating at one church, while her husband preached in the other.

INDIAN NATIVE VIEWS OF EUROPEAN EMBLEMS OF SOVEREIGNTY are somewhat peculiar. Recently two fat Sikhs were looking at the Jubilee statue of the Queen erected at Amritsar, in the Punjab. Her Majesty is represented as holding the Imperial proclamation to India and a sceptre; so one native asked his companion what she had in her hands. "See," said the other; "in her right hand she holds the law, and in the other a rod for those who don't obey it."

GENERAL BOULANGER's supporters are trying to advance their cause by working on the religious sentiments of devout Catholics. One religious journal, *Le Rosier de Marie*, warns its readers that "Christians, who through preference for the Monarchy refuse to join the new Republic offered to them by General Boulanger, are neglecting their spiritual and highest duties for temporal duties which should hold a secondary place. They would sacrifice the liberty of the Church, and consequently the safety of Religion, for the future of a dynasty which they cannot restore. Thus they cease to be Catholics in order to become politicians."

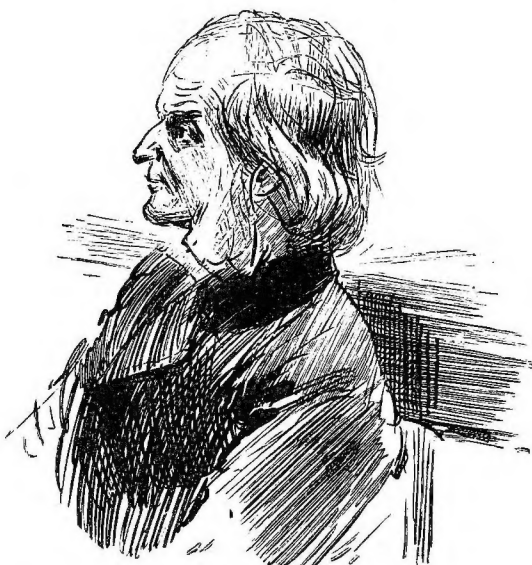
THE RED MAN IN THE UNITED STATES sees his territory being invaded inch by inch, and the white settler driving him from his hunting grounds. Next Monday the Oklahoma District in the Indian Territory, bordering on the State of Arkansas, is to be thrown open to settlers, and for months past crowds of "boomers" have been waiting on the border to pounce upon the most promising claims. The valley in question in the Oklahoma country is a wonderfully fertile spot, enjoying an excellent climate, and rich in timber and water. Many of the would-be settlers are gathered together on the frontier town of Purcell, where the buildings have been constructed in such fashion that they can be moved at once to a more promising spot directly the district is opened.

ANOTHER ANGLO-AMERICAN CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP is in prospect, the New York Yacht Club having accepted Lord Dunraven's challenge. Transatlantic yachting circles are inclined to put forward the *Volunteer* again to compete with the British champion, hoping that she might repeat her victory of 1887 over the *Thistle*, but her owner, General Paine, declares that he has had enough racing, and will neither put his old yacht into commission nor build another. The *Volunteer*, however, might race under some one else's name, as at present she is the fastest boat the Americans possess. In any case, trial races will be held during the summer to choose the fleetest yacht. In the international contest five races will be sailed over the New York outside course. When the America Cup contest is decided Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* may possibly be challenged to another trial, a cup having been subscribed for to be contested by 70 ft. yachts.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The opening and closing of the Exhibition will be announced every day by the firing of cannon from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower.—The workmen on the Tower have presented M. Eiffel with a diamond cross to commemorate his receiving the Legion of Honour.—The Sevres china exhibit promises to be exceptionally beautiful. The present director of the national factory has introduced several important innovations which have almost revolutionised the process of manufacture. Now the china can be modelled and decorated in about half the time previously occupied, and much larger vases, &c., can be made.—Japanese flora will be largely represented. Many fine specimens of rare blossoms have arrived, but, as they have suffered from the voyage, they are being nursed back to health in Paris conservatories.—Prince Eugene of Sweden will send three pastel portraits to the Fine Arts Department.—There has been a great rush this week after the 1,200,000 bonds, which are being issued at 25 francs apiece, for the purpose of relieving the guarantors of the Exhibition expenses. Each bond contains twenty-five admission tickets, gives the holder eighty-one chances of prizes in a lottery, and will be repaid by drawings extending over ten years.



Mr. Harry Furniss Sketching in Court



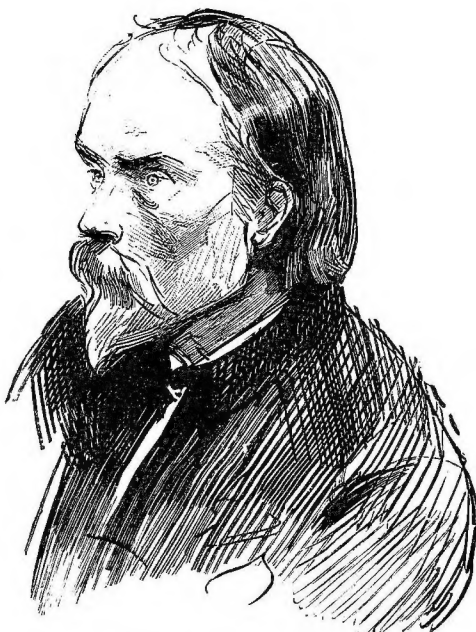
Mr. Ernest Hart



Sir Charles Russell's Speech : Mr. Michael Davitt an attentive listener



Mr. Henniker Heaton and Mr. Handel Cosham, Two M.P.'s



Mr. E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL DENOUNCES THE "TIMES"

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
 NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



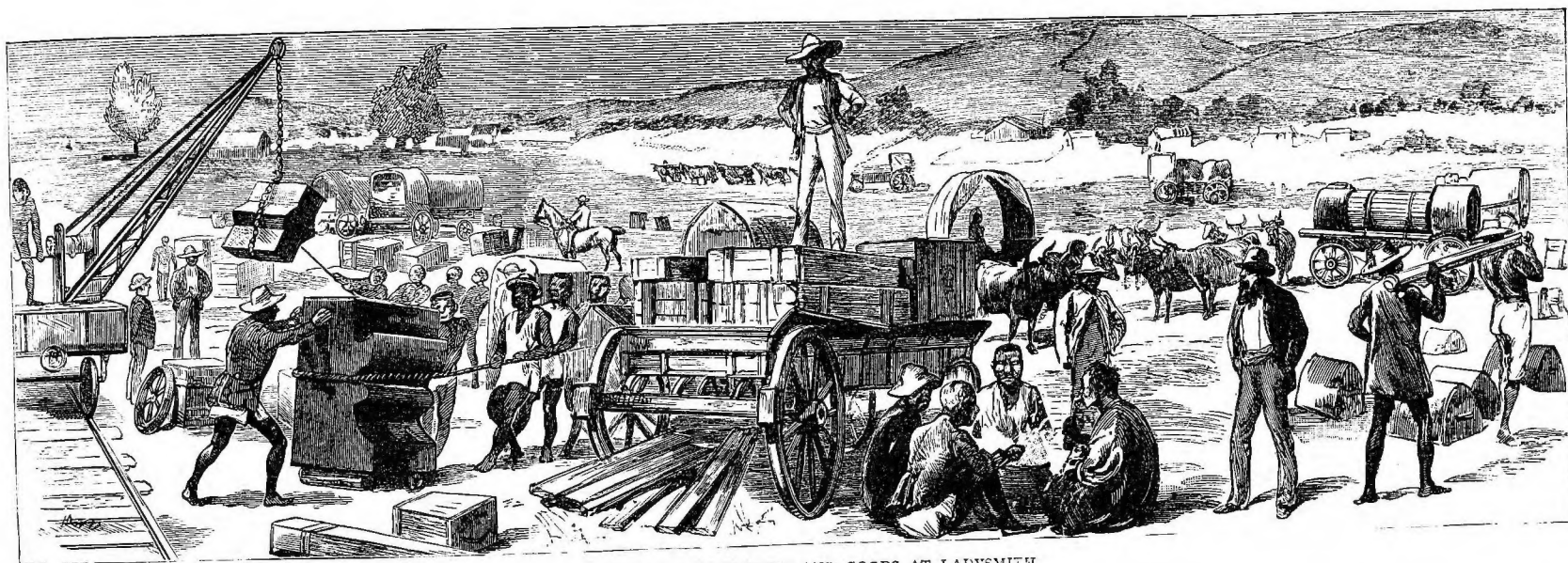
MR. R. T. LINCOLN
New Minister of the United States to Great Britain



M. MICHEL-EUGÈNE CHEVREUL
The French Man of Science and Centenarian
Born August 31, 1786. Died April 9, 1889



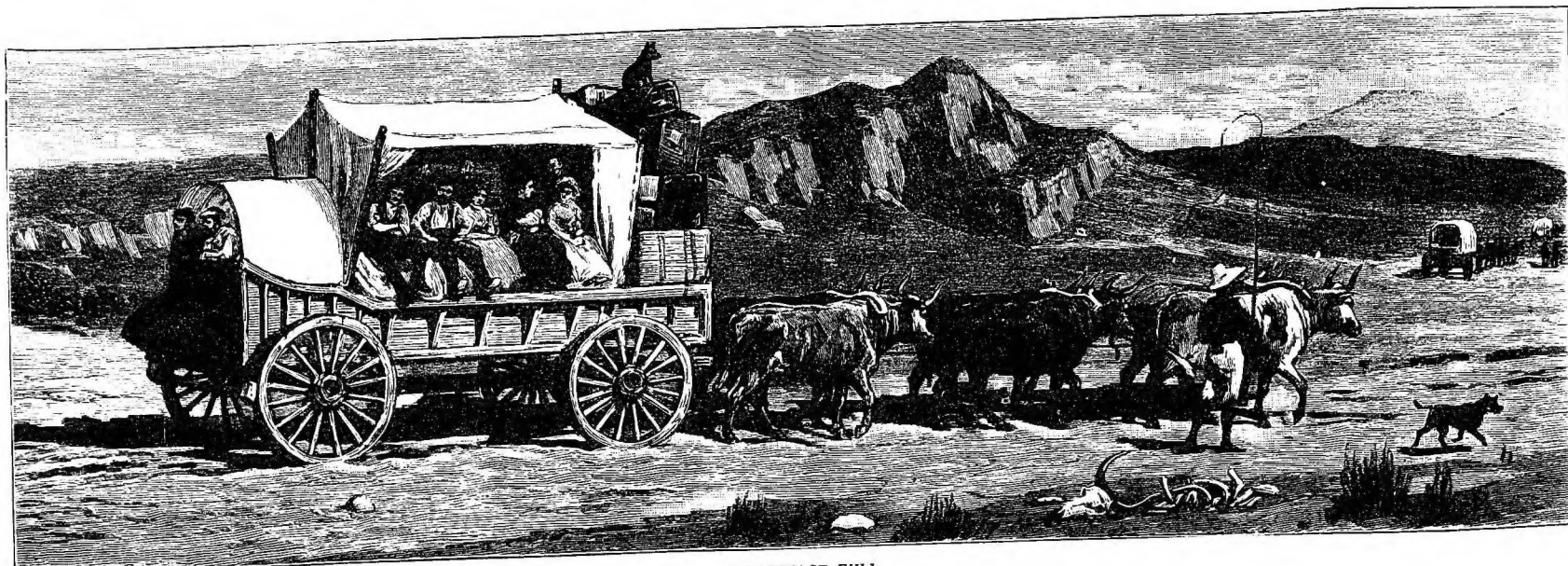
CAPTAIN H. F. BOWLES
New Conservative M.P. for Enfield



LOADING UP MACHINERY AND GOODS AT LADYSMITH



CAPE CARTS GOING TO THE FIELDS



A CARRIAGE FULL
TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLDFIELDS, VIA NATAL



FRANCE is entering upon her Easter holidays amid comparative quiet, even the hydra-headed Boulanger question being comparatively at rest pending the deliberations of the Prosecution Committee of the Senate. This Committee was elected last week, and consists of nine Republican Senators, MM. Cazot, Demôle, Munier, Cordelet, Merlin, Lavertujon, Morellet, Trarieux, and de Marcère. M. Le Royer, President of the Senate, is President of the Senatorial High Court of Justice, and M. Humbert, Vice-President. The first meeting of the Senate in its judicial capacity took place last week, but no other will be held until the Prosecution Committee have decided whether the evidence is sufficient to justify the prosecution of the General and his associates, Count Dillon and M. Henri Rochefort. This evidence is being investigated by a sub-committee of four, who have all their work cut out for them, as there are 10,320 documents, including 3,000 newspaper articles! The remainder consist of numbers of the General's visiting cards with messages pencilled upon them, Boulanger songs, election addresses and bills, which it is said tend to support the charges that the General has by various forms of bribes attempted to corrupt the officers and men of the army. Both the Royalist and Bonapartist Deputies of the Chamber have protested against the trial as a parody on justice, and an attempt to gag universal suffrage, but people in general are very cool about the matter, and considering that only three months ago the Parisians gave the General a quarter of a million votes, their present attitude of indifference would cause surprise to any who are not acquainted with the unaccountable phases of Parisian character. The General's partisans, however, are doing all they can to keep up public interest in their absent leader, and an enthusiastic banquet was held in his honour at Versailles on Sunday. Meanwhile the General himself evidently does not look forward to any speedy return. He has taken a house at Brussels in the Avenue Louise, and is said to contemplate letting his Paris residence for the Exhibition season.

In PARIS, the Panama Canal question has again been to the fore, and at the drawing of Lottery Bonds on Monday M. Brunet, the official liquidator, made a not very hopeful speech on the situation. He stated that he had reduced the expenditure on the works to a monthly sum of 80,000*fr.*, that expenditure being necessary to maintain the work already executed in good order, but gave no hint as to what was to be done in the future. Other financial topics have been the issue of the order for the judicial liquidation of the unfortunate Société des Métaux and the adjournment for a fortnight by the Tribunal de Commerce of the proceedings against the former Directors of the Comptoir d'Escompte. Other Parisian items relate mainly to the Exhibition—to which we refer in another column—and to the visit of the Shah of Persia, who is to be housed and entertained at the expense of the Government. He is expected to arrive in June. The public funeral of M. Chevreul took place on Saturday at Notre Dame.

In GERMANY, the forthcoming Samoan Conference is attracting considerable attention, as some sharp discussions between the American and German delegates are expected. Count Herbert Bismarck and Dr. Krauel will probably represent Germany, and Messrs. John A. Kasson, William Walter Phelps, and George N. Bates are the American Plenipotentiaries. Much dissatisfaction is felt at the appointment of Mr. Bates as one of the American delegates, owing to his having already expressed his views in a magazine article, and also at the fact that he will be accompanied by Mr. Sewall, who was recently the United States Consul-General at Samoa. It is felt that the American Government are disposed to insist upon complete autonomy being secured to the islands, or, in other words, that Germany is to be requested to take her hands off them. Pending the negotiations, Germany, the United States, and England will only keep one ship of war each in Samoan waters. Hostilities there are said to have completely ceased, and King Mataafa has disbanded his army. The Emperor has been paying a visit to Oldenburg, where he has been enthusiastically received, and has exchanged polite and affectionate speeches with the Grand Duke. He has also been to Wilhelmshaven to make various naval inspections. The King of Italy is expected to pay his return visit to the Emperor about the beginning of May. Both the German Parliament and the Prussian Diet have adjourned for the Easter holidays.

In EASTERN EUROPE there is much rejoicing in Russian and Pan-slavist circles at the formation of a Roumanian Cabinet by M. Catargi, who is a very strong Muscovite partisan, and bears no love to Austria, where his accession to power is viewed as another success for Russia, who so recently scored in Servia. M. Catargi has begun by cancelling the decree placing foreign (*i.e.* Russian) pedlars under police supervision, in order, it is considered, to aid the propagation of Pan-slavism. In Russia the Press is profuse in its expression of satisfaction, and while the more violent organs term M. Catargi's accession a declaration of war against King Charles, the more official organs regard it "as an encouragement to King Charles to persevere in the policy of national aspirations represented by the new Cabinet." Of course Russia warmly disclaims any intention of interference either in the domestic affairs of Roumania or Servia so long as there is no manifestation of hostility against herself; but, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that within the last few months Russia has very materially increased her hold upon both those countries, while Austrian influence has proportionately decreased. In SERBIA the ex-Metropolitan Michael has announced that he will return to the country next month, and a great popular demonstration is being prepared for him. The Regency are striving hard to equalise the expenditure and revenue of the country, and, amongst other economies, have suppressed the Legations at London, Rome, and Athens.

In INDIA, the Lushai Expedition is now at an end, and a Durbar has been held at Fort Langley, at which the Commissioner addressed the How-long chiefs, telling them that next cold season the Government intended to send an expedition which would move right through the country to Burma. If, significantly added the Commissioner, they showed themselves friendly, they would be rewarded; if hostile, their villages would be burnt. The troops, with the exception of the permanent garrison of the advanced post, where barracks have now been constructed, are being sent back to India. The detailed account of the fire at Surat shows that 3,000 houses were burnt and 25,000 people rendered homeless. The water-supply, it appears, was deficient, and the firemen ran away, while the spread of the fire was in a great measure due to the custom of flooring the houses—themselves of wood—with dried grass. From BURMA comes the usual weekly bulletin of skirmishes and dacoities, the only item of interest being the starting of Brigadier-General Wolseley's expedition against the Pouktan Kachyens.

In EASTERN AFRICA all is comparatively quiet. The Sultan of Zanzibar is better, has reappeared in public life, and has received Mr. Hawes, the acting British Consul-General, to whom he promised to render assistance for the safe conduct of the British missionaries from Mpwapwa and Mamboya to the coast. The missionaries, however, have reached Bagimoyo, where a steamer has been sent to bring them to Zanzibar. It is stated that the insurgent

chieftain, Bushiri, protected them on their journey, and the missionaries report that Bushiri is loyal both to the English and the French, and that he is negotiating peace with Captain Wissmann.—PORTUGAL is pushing her schemes in the Lake Nyassa district, where Lieutenant Cardoso and his companions have persuaded nine native chiefs on the shores of the lake to place themselves under Portuguese rule.—In WESTERN AFRICA there has been trouble at Old Calabar, where King Eyo has been arrested and confined for a day on board a German man-of-war on account of some squabble between two native traders and the people of New Wamso. The two native traders in question have been carried off by the Germans.

The Premier of BRITISH COLUMBIA, the Hon. R. Dunsmuir, died on the 12th inst.—In NEW SOUTH WALES there have been further beneficial rains.—In QUEENSLAND the majority of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the present position and further prospects of the sugar industry in the colony recommend that experiments should be made with Java cane for sugar planting, and that a reciprocity treaty be obtained to secure the admittance of the Queensland sugar to the Australian markets duty free. The granting of Government assistance for irrigation purposes and the continuance of Polynesian labour is also favoured.—There have been serious riots at Georgetown, DEMERARA, where the blacks, excited by a report that the Portuguese had killed a negro boy, on March 19th attacked, broke down, and plundered provision shops and private houses, their anger being chiefly directed against the Portuguese. Special constables were sworn in, and a proclamation issued that any person found breaking into houses and pillaging would be fired upon, while a few days later H.M.S. *Canada* arrived, and landed a force of 100 Marines. Order was restored when the mail left.



THE QUEEN is spending Easter at Windsor instead of going to the Isle of Wight, as originally intended. Her Majesty was much occupied up to the close of last week with the arrangements for the funeral of the Duchess of Cambridge, which were carried out under the Queen's especial supervision. The Grand Duke of Hesse came over from Darmstadt to stay with Her Majesty for the occasion, while Prince Henry of Battenberg came home from Paris. Particulars of the funeral will be found in another column; but we may mention here that the Queen attended the final ceremony at Kew Church on Saturday morning, coming over from Windsor with the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince and Princess Henry. At the church Her Majesty sat facing the coffin, on which was laid the wreath offered as "a mark of loving affection and respect from her devoted niece, Victoria, R.I." The Queen and Princess and Princesses returned to Windsor directly after the service. Sunday was the thirty-second birthday of Princess Beatrice; and, though the Royal salutes were deferred till next day, the Windsor bells rang, and the choir of St. George's serenaded the Princess by singing hymns and anthems under her window early in the morning. Later the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Bishop of Bedford preached. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein lunched with the Royal party, and subsequently Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar arrived on a visit, and dined with Her Majesty, together with the Bishop of Bedford. The Grand Duke of Hesse left, on his return to Darmstadt. Next Tuesday the Queen goes to Sandringham to stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales, remaining until Saturday. As Her Majesty has only visited Norfolk twice in her life—staying at Holkham with her mother when a girl of sixteen, and at Sandringham during the illness of the Prince of Wales in 1871—great preparations are being made for a hearty welcome at King's Lynn and Norwich.—Princess Beatrice has sent a "View of the Pyrenees from Biarritz"—a drawing made during her recent French visit—to the Royal Institute of Water-Colours, of which the Princess is an honorary member.

The Crown Prince of Denmark and his eldest son Prince Christian have been staying with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House for the Duchess of Cambridge's funeral, and Prince Prince Albert Victor also came specially from York to be present. The Prince and Princess and daughters attended the memorial service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, as well as the funeral at Kew, where the Prince walked among the mourners, while the Princesses sat behind the Queen. Later on Saturday afternoon, the Prince and Princess, with their son and daughters and the Danish Princes, left town for Sandringham, where they spend Easter. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene, the Rev. F. Hervey officiating. The Prince and Princess will be present at the Welsh Eisteddfodd at Brecon in September, the festival having been deferred from August to suit their arrangements. They will stay with Sir Joseph Russel Bailey at Glan Usk Park, Brecknockshire, and the Prince expressly states that they hope to see some of the beauties of Wales. He will preside one day at the Eisteddfod. The Prince will be re-installed as Grand Master of the English Freemasons on Wednesday next.—Prince Albert Victor will be the new Provincial Grand Master of the Surrey Freemasons.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have visited Oodeypore, where they received a warm welcome. The Duke laid the foundation stone of some important irrigation works, and was entertained at a State banquet by the Maharajah.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters have gone to Homburg, where they stay at the Schloss while their new castle in the Taunus is being prepared.—The King of the Netherlands is said to be gradually sinking.—The Empress of Austria is better, and the recent reports with regard to her mental condition have been denied.



THE PRIMATE HAS, the *Record* believes, dissuaded the Bishop of Truro from resigning his See. Bishop Wilkinson will continue in residence until Easter, and then go elsewhere for six or nine months, in search of health.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL is about to nominate a number of Commissioners to inquire into the character and extent of the Church accommodation in his Diocese.

AT A MEETING AT SUNDERLAND, for the public inauguration of the Durham Diocesan Fund, a letter was read, in which the Bishop of Durham said that this initial step was appropriately taken in that town, as Sunderland was the site of the earliest home of missionary effort and of Christian teaching between the Tyne and the Tees, whence Christianity spread throughout the greater part of the kingdom.

THE SUFFRAGAN TO THE BISHOP OF RIFON is called Bishop of Penrith, a somewhat anomalous designation, since North York-

shire is almost entirely the sphere of his episcopal labours. Dr. Pullen accordingly would much prefer to be designated Bishop of Richmond, and effect will probably be given to this reasonable desire.

THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, KENSAL GREEN, of which the memorial stone was laid this week, will be in one of the poorest districts of London. The fund for its erection has been in part supplied by the proceeds of the sale of the disused City Church of St. Thomas, in the Liberty of the Rolls.

AMONG THE SUBJECTS fixed for discussion at the meeting this year of the Church Congress at Cardiff is the "Literature of the Day, and its Attitude towards Christianity—(a) in connection with Modern Philosophic Thought, (b) with reference to alleged Scepticism among the Working Classes, (c) in the Treatment of Religious Questions by means of the Novel."

THE LATE MARQUIS OF ELY having directed in his will that his remains should be cremated, his wishes were carried out at the Woking Crematorium on Saturday. The Funeral Service was to have been performed before cremation by the curate in charge of the chapel of ease close to Woking Station; but the ecclesiastical authorities of the Diocese of Winchester having intimated that it ought not to be done until after cremation, he found himself debarred from acceding to the wishes of the deceased nobleman's relatives. These were, however, fulfilled by the Rev. Dr. Chichester A. W. Reade, a relative, cousin of the late Marquis, who happened to be present, and who read the Funeral Service in the scarcely completed chapel in the presence of a number of mourners, among whom was the present Marquis of Ely.

BY THE DEATH OF LADY MCARTHUR, widow of Sir William McArthur, formerly M.P. for Lambeth, considerable sums in which she was left a life interest will, it is said, come to the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign and Home Missionary Societies and the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund as reversionary legatees.

A COMMITTEE OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIZENS OF CORK has been formed to arrange for the celebration, in 1890, of the centenary of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

PRIMROSES

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more.

POOR simple-minded Peter Bell; a quaint kind of individual he must have been, or the above triplet need never have been written. True, in the times in which he lived, the primrose had not become such an object of notoriety as is the case at the present day; to which circumstance, perhaps, this seeming indifference may be partly attributed. It is not, however, as the emblem of party strife, or political partisanship, that we would wish to consider the primrose; rather would we think of it as the flower of our childhood, speaking to us of the early days of spring, and the first ramble in the meadow, or by the hedge-side. It is peculiarly the flower of pleasant associations. There are probably very few people who have lived in the country, who do not know and love some retired spot.

Where the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steep,

its charming sulphur-coloured flowers cosily nestling in their elegant tufts of bright green foliage. Like the daffodil, it comes before the swallow dares, and as soon as chill winter's icy reign is over, these welcome harbingers of returning spring are to be found on the sunny hedge-bank, or by the side of some sheltered copse.

Clare's lines well describe the feelings with which the primrose is generally regarded:—

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak; that show
The every lawn, the wood, and spiny through
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green:
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride,
Glowing on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!
And when thy fairy flowers in groups are formed,
The schoolboy roams enchanted along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight:
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning Spring.

It is from its early period of flowering that the primrose derives its name—literally *Primula veris*, the First of Spring—yet its application to the plant affords a curious example of blundering. The name is a corruption of *primerole*, from the Italian *primavera*, but, strange to say, the rightful claimant to the name is Burn's

Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,

the daisy, a common and conspicuous flower in early spring in South Europe, where the primrose is comparatively rare, and confined to the mountainous districts. Chaucer speaks of the primrose as the *primerole*, but the plant of earlier writers is the daisy, as is proved not only by descriptions, but also by old figures of the plant. The change from *primerole* to primrose is easily accounted for, though a rendering of the term sometimes given, "the first rose of spring," is certainly erroneous.

It is in some cool and partially shaded spot that the primrose particularly delights, where the overhanging foliage affords some protection from the powerful rays of the summer sun, and from prolonged drought; yet it will not thrive in absolute shade. In many parts of England there are woods of hazel, beech, oak, and other trees, which are cut down about every ten or twelve years for copse-wood, and in these localities the behaviour of the primrose is exceedingly curious to observe. The first year after the copse-wood is cut down, multitudes of primroses suddenly appear to spring up, and for a few years the plants increase in vigour. After this period, however, the increasing shade causes them to gradually dwindle away again, until the copse-wood is once more cut down. In some of these localities the ground is locally quite yellow with these elegant little flowers, which may be counted by thousands, while the air is fragrant with their delicate perfume.

In Britain generally the primrose is particularly abundant, and is thoroughly adapted to the circumstances under which it is placed, that little fear need be entertained of its extinction; yet there are unfortunately a few localities, more especially in the neighbourhood of the metropolis and other large centres of population, where the plant is much less common than formerly—thanks to the persistence with which the itinerant flower-vendor plies his ruthless trade—and in which it seems doomed to disappear in the not distant future, unless some steps be taken to avert it. May such a day be far distant. Outside Britain it inhabits a rather wide area, extending over Central Europe and some of the mountainous districts of South Europe and North-West Africa, and is even found in the Lebanon range, in Syria; though it is absent from North-Eastern Europe, and is not found within the Arctic Circle.

Our pretty little English wildling, however, is only one of a group of some hundred and fifty known species, which are scattered over the temperate and cool regions of the northern hemisphere. These are all genuine primroses—species of the genus *Primula*, as the botanists say—very various in size and appearance, and with flowers ranging in colour from yellow to white, and through various shades of lilac and rose to deep purple. Some of them are the veriest little minims of vegetation, barely an inch high, but with

APRIL 20, 1839

brilliant star-like flowers nearly as large as the whole plant beside ones more nearly resemble our own primroses and cowslips in size, while the giant primrose of the mountains of Java reaches three feet high when in flower. All of them are elegant plants, and some of them of surpassing beauty. A considerable number have only been discovered within recent years. Europe possesses about forty species, the majority being found in the Alps, which was formerly supposed to be the great head-quarters of the genus. Recent discoveries, however, have shown that the great centre of primrose development is in the mountains of Eastern Asia. Over forty species are now known to inhabit the cooler Alpine regions of the great Himalayan range, and what is perhaps more remarkable, an equally large number occur in the mountains of Western China. Some of these have only been discovered within the past few months, so that the number may not yet be exhausted, as is probably the case with the European ones.

Having travelled so far in search of primroses, we may just as well look up the few remaining ones, for anything about primroses is sure to be extremely interesting, at least to our friends of the primrose persuasion. About eight species are found in Japan, one in the mountains of Java, and another in similar localities in Abyssinia. Nine are found in North America, from the mountains of New Mexico, northwards, and, lastly, after a break of nearly five thousand miles, one other is found at the extremity of South America, in Patagonia and the Falkland Islands. This South American primrose affords a very remarkable instance of isolation. All others are natives of the northern hemisphere, but after traversing the Andes, from the mountains of New Mexico, southwards, and not finding a single primrose, we at last find this solitary inhabitant of the southern hemisphere in abundance. It is a pretty little plant, with white flowers, formerly thought to be identical with our own bird's-eye primrose of the North of England, though now known to be different, and not found elsewhere on the face of the globe.

The home of the genus *Primula* is clearly in the northern hemisphere, and a very interesting question presents itself as to why this little plant should have wandered so far, to found a colony on the other side of the globe. And when we find that many other plants have done precisely the same thing—that at some period or other a stream of emigration set in the same direction—our curiosity is aroused. Was it a roving propensity, and love of adventure, that carried them so far, or was it simply force of circumstances? The former proposition is clearly inapplicable to such eminently stationary organisms as plants, so we may conclude it was the latter. Primroses are pre-eminently lovers of a temperate climate—those which are found in warm countries have their homes in the cool mountain summits, and yet this little plant has succeeded in crossing the tropics. It seems an anachronism to speak of the march of a plant, and yet the term is fairly applicable to the case. Plants have ever a tendency to multiply and increase their area. A fierce struggle for existence is constantly going on, and the inhabitants of any district are those which have best solved the problem of how to exist under the given circumstances. If the conditions be changed, or a new competitor introduced which is better adapted to the situation, the balance is at once upset, and a new organism becomes the dominating one. When the great period of cold known as the Glacial Period set in, the various *Primulas* then in existence would be gradually driven southwards. The lofty chain of the Andes, continuous as it is with the Rocky Mountains, would offer precisely such a highway for the progress of the various *Alpinas* of the northern hemisphere, some of which, and the *Primula* among the number, have in this way migrated into the south. Once the equator was crossed, the increasing warmth, as the Glacial Period passed away, would only accelerate their progress southwards.

To the same cause the present wide dispersion of the genus in the northern hemisphere is also due. During the Glacial Period the species would be driven into warmer latitudes, and to lower elevations, at this time probably occupying a largely increased area; but with the increasing warmth they would once more return northwards, or ascend to the mountain summits, where we now find them.

These migrations were not unattended with difficulties and dangers. Many would fall out by the way, and some of those which reached their destination would bear traces of the hardships and fatigues of the journey. Finally, on settling down in their new homes, so diverse and varied are the conditions of their environment, that they have been completely changed, and we now recognise them as distinct species.

This is a simple explanation of the facts as we find them. The majority of *Primulas* occupy very restricted areas. With one or two exceptions, the species of the Alps are different from those of the Himalayas, and these again from those of the mountains of China. But there are exceptions to all rules, and, accordingly, we find a few species rather widely diffused; our elegant little bird's-eye primrose of the North of England most widely of all. From the Pyrenees to the mountains of North India and Japan, and from Scandinavia to Labrador and Nova Scotia, and thence along the Rocky Mountains, as far south as Colorado, it may be found in suitable localities. And it is interesting to note that the South American primrose, already mentioned, is a modified race of the same little plant, differing in a few essential particulars, and thus considered a distinct species. A very interesting subject is this of the migrations of plants.

Of primroses in cultivation little need be said, though many of them are favourite garden plants. Our common English primrose, in the hands of the florist, has given rise to a number of very beautiful varieties, both single and double, and ranging from pure white to deep crimson. The Chinese primrose is one of our choicest to deep crimson. The Chinese primrose has long been a winter-flowering greenhouse plant. The auricula has long been a favourite with the florist, and so profoundly modified has it become, through long selection, under cultivation, that its descent from the lovely golden auricula of the Alps would hardly be guessed. The lovely golden auricula of the Alps was introduced into England, over three hundred years ago, is somewhat curious. Certain refugees, who were driven from the Netherlands about 1570, brought over with them their favourite flowers, and the auricula among the number. How long previously it was introduced from the Alps is uncertain, though it had probably been long in cultivation; for in 1597 Gerard describes it and figures about half-a-dozen varieties, ranging from yellow to purple, under the quaint name of "beares' ears."

So much about primroses in general. Having spent a very pleasant half-hour in their company, we must now bid them adieu, leaving the primrose of yesterday's celebration to enthusiastic party politicians.



OPERA.—It has now finally been settled that Mr. Carl Rosa will have no London season this summer, and his principal tenor, Mr. Barton McGuckin, has been engaged for the Royal Italian Opera. Any entertainment which may be projected at Her Majesty's Theatre is still in abeyance, but we shall certainly have Mr. Harris' season (beginning on the 18th proximo, and the details of what we have already announced) at Covent Garden, and in July the production of *Otello* at the Lyceum.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace concert season ended on Saturday, when a remarkably fine performance was given of Schubert's great symphony in C. Miss McIntyre sang, and a new pianoforte concerto by Mr J. C. Ames was produced by Mr. Oscar Beringer. The concerto is the work of a clever young student who has studied his art in Germany, but who necessarily has as yet but limited experience in composition. On Saturday of this week Mr. Manns will take his benefit, and a new symphony in C minor, written by Sir Arthur Sullivan's pupil, Mr. Frederic Cliffe, will be produced. After that the regular Saturday concerts will be suspended until the thirty-fourth annual season begins next October.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the third Philharmonic concert the distinguished Russian composer Tchaikowsky conducted his first pianoforte concerto in B flat, played by his fellow countryman M. Sapelnikoff, and his first orchestral suite in D. The concerto is already more or less well known, as it has been heard at the Crystal Palace and other concerts. The new pianist is a very young man, barely twenty-one years of age, and he is a pupil of Madame Sophie Menter, who for many years taught at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. M. Sapelnikoff is undoubtedly a performer of very great talent. His technical skill is marvellous, and in its way almost perfect; although the fact is equally indisputable that he has a special tendency to exaggeration, and to the abuse or over-use of mere power. The manner in which he rendered the finale of Tchaikowsky's concerto indeed almost overstepped the line where piano-playing ends and piano-pounding begins. M. Tchaikowsky's orchestral suite in D was composed some years ago, although it had not before been given in London. It is essentially of a modern type, comprising an introduction and so-called fugue, a *divertimento* in which the national Slavonic element is writ large, a pretty intermezzo, a quaint "Marche Miniature" (which was encored, probably owing to its employment of the Glockenspiel), and a gavotte, which is the feeblest number of the work. Both the composer and the pianist were very warmly applauded, and at the end of the concerto were called to the platform three times. The programme also included Mozart's symphony in E flat, one of the three composed in 1788, some songs, and the *Lurline* overture, conducted by Mr. Cowen.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Popular Concert season ended on Monday, when the Stradivarius violin, for which his admirers had subscribed 1,200*l.*, was presented to Dr. Joachim in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his *début*. The violin, which is one of the much prized "red" specimens of Antonius Stradivarius' best period, was accompanied by a fine Tourte bow. The presentation was made in a few well-chosen sentences by Sir Frederick Leighton, and was acknowledged in a neat little speech, spoken in fluent English, by the violinist himself. The last Saturday programme was devoted to some of the most popular works of Beethoven, including the *Moonlight* sonata (with Chopin's *Funeral March* as a highly appropriate *encore*), played by Miss Janotha, and as a highly appropriate *encore*, played by Miss Janotha, and the *Kreutzer*, in which the pianist was associated with Dr. Joachim, the *Romance* in F played by the great violinist himself, and the Quintet in C, Op. 29. On Monday the programme, as usual at the end of the season, was made up mainly of smaller works. An exception was, however, made in favour of Schumann's pianoforte quintet, which had not previously been performed this season. The quintet was rendered in admirable fashion by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Dr. Joachim, and the rest of the Popular Concert party. The season is now suspended until the last Monday in October, but instead we are promised the usual Summer Concerts given by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. These performances, indeed, will be more important from the point of view of production of novelties than the Monday Popular Concerts themselves. Sir Charles Hallé, among other things, announces Dvorák's recently published quartet in E, Op. 80, three string quartets by Cherubini, which have also been issued lately, and Brahms' new sonata in D minor, for piano-forte and violin.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The young Scotsman Mr. Frederic Lamond, who studied under Schwartz of Frankfurt, and also for a short time under Dr. von Bülow and Liszt, has since his *début* here three years ago been practising his art in Germany. He has now come back to us very much improved, and at his first recital at St. James's Hall he gave a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 110, the fugue finale being rendered with exceptional skill. On the other hand, in Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia and best—Mr. Max Heinrich has given another of his vocal recitals; best—Mr. St. Matthew's Passion music was performed on Tuesday at St. Paul's Cathedral; Master and Miss Bauer on Saturday gave a recital at the Bow Institute; the Hackney Choir, under Mr. Prout, on Monday performed Brahms' *German Requiem*; and various other concerts have been given to close the spring season, which ends at Easter.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Messrs. Stephenson and Cellier's new comic opera *Doris*, which was written nearly two years ago, and has since awaited the withdrawal of *Dorothy*, will be produced at the Lyric this (Saturday) evening.—Madame Albani has announced her intention to head an Italian operatic company for a tour in the United States next winter.—A telegram from Buenos Ayres announces the reappearance there on Thursday last week of Madame Patti in *La Traviata*. It is stated that the receipts exceeded 4,000*l.* of which the fortunate *prima donna* receives one half in cash.—Dr. Joachim left England for the Continent on Wednesday.—Madame Schumann will collaborate with Professor Niecks in a two-volume biography of Robert Schumann, which will probably be published about one year hence.

THE SALON "JOUR DE VERNISSAGE"

APRIL the 30th is the most interesting day in all the year to a good number of the inhabitants of Paris. It is the day on which the excitement that has been simmering since the middle of March comes to a culminating bubble. The lid of the great picture stew-pan in the Champs Elysée jumps off with a fine clatter, the bill of fare is handed to the critics—it is "Le Jour de Vernissage" (Vernishing Day).

Art is more an integral part of the life of Paris than it is of that of London, and during the time that the pictures are being received at the Salon an immense crowd assembles at its doors to watch their arrival. The *gendarmes*, the street-boys, and the washerwomen appear quite as interested as the host of students and models who have also collected there, and a self-constituted jury volunteers criticisms which are more remarkable for candour than for politeness.

Naturally, however, all this external personal excitement is as nothing in comparison with that thrill of intimate enthusiasm which penetrates the haunts of the Art student at this supreme moment. The wildest legends are current in the *ateliers*. "Monsieur B. has compelled the jury to accept the works of 200 of his pupils!"—"That is nothing! B. C. was so furious at the rejection of even one work sent from his studio that he pulled off his coat and wanted to fight the President!"

In the discussion of chances no point is overlooked, and the fact that the jury are shown the pictures in the alphabetical order of that the painters' names, makes the position of initial letters a matter of much moment. It is considered to be as unfortunate to have a surname beginning with an A as with a Z. At the beginning of the judging, "They," the awful jury, are too critical; at the end they are

too cross. "It makes no difference what your name is," says some one authoritatively, "the pictures are judged in groups. Twenty or thirty are placed on a screen. Suppose you are fortunate, or have a friend to place you in a good group—*vous y êtes!* and if, on the contrary, your work is shown in bad company—*vous n'y êtes pas!*"

The *Vernissage* is the occasion of the Art student's most elaborate toilet. Hats, both male and female, of stupendous magnitude and decorative importance; ties of the most *voyant*; gloves—a hurried purchase at the Bon Marché overnight—of the freshest and yellowest. Endued in these unwonted splendours an early start is made; but though the enthusiast arrives at the great entrance-gates punctually at eight o'clock, he finds a dense crowd already outside them. The process of admittance is slow, and he has to wait in the *queue* with what patience he-chances to possess. At last, however, his turn comes; he is free to cross the dark, stone entrance-hall, and he runs up the wide staircase till he finds himself in the gallery outside Salle XII.—the Salle d'Honneur! If the feeling of hurry and excitement were not so strong, it would be interesting enough to stand here and watch the rush by twos and threes up the staircase of all these disciples of Art; but the thunder of feet in the half-empty galleries becomes each moment louder, and haste must be made to see the pictures while there is still plenty of elbow room.

In every direction distracted artists are engaged in anguished search for their pictures; for, as your readers probably know, the catalogue of the Salon is only of use in identifying a picture when found, and in order to discover any particular exhibit an exhaustive survey of all the thirty-five rooms must be made. A certain alphabetical order is supposed to be preserved in the hanging, and a few days after the opening, on May 1st, lists are hung on the doors of the rooms, giving the names of the exhibitors in each; but on the *Vernissage* these lists are not usually ready, and the painter of a small picture has been known to spend a whole morning in looking for it.

A characteristic feature of the *Vernissage* is the high double-ladder, which rumbles from room to room, its two white-blouse-clad *Vernisseurs* sitting aloft upon it, grasping their lig brushes, and performing from time to time feats of amazing agility; swinging out from it by one arm or leg, in the symbolised attitude of Pame on a triumphal arch, or balancing on its topmast step, to reach some small gem that

Is like a star and dwells apart—

in regions more exalted than its creator would probably have selected for it.

By eleven o'clock the throng has become dense; and it is a noisy throng. Pretty nearly every one has some strong personal interest there, and loses no opportunity of proclaiming the same to the surrounding assemblage. They are a very friendly set; recognitions, congratulations, and condolences fill the air. Dishevelled-looking young men with incipient beards and excessively dirty hands offer gratuitous information and criticism on all the pictures that they consider noteworthy, with refreshment conviction and decision. The language of every nation of Europe is woven into one vast tempest of talk, and through it all the flat, quiet drawl of America makes itself felt—a leisurely, insoluble element that can never mingle with the prevailing tumult.

At twelve o'clock there is a perceptible diminution in the numbers. After all, though art is an excellent thing, so also is *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and a combination of the two such as may be made downstairs in the magnificent arena, where the sculptures and the refreshment-tables show in amiable rivalry between the bushes of evergreens, has a special merit of its own.

After *déjeuner*, the principal interest centres in the celebrities who now begin to arrive. All the people best worth seeing in Paris come to the *Vernissage*, and the brilliancy of the spring toilettes takes a good deal of the glory out of the pictures. Their appearance reveals hitherto undreamed of possibilities in the science of being well-dressed; the Art-student becomes conscious of deficiencies in the costume which had appeared incapable of improvement at 8 A.M., and after a few conscientious efforts at further picture-seeing, resulting in the discovery that nothing lower than the top-most line can be seen with any comfort, he or she goes home before the fact is over-rudely demonstrated that it is possible to have too much of a good thing—even of a "Jour de Vernissage."

E. C. S.



MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., is said to be about to bring an action for libel against Lord Salisbury, for having, it is alleged, in his speech at Watford, charged Mr. O'Brien with recommending the use of vindictive violence towards men who took unlet farms, the use of vindictive violence had been evicted.—Mr. Brunner, M.P., previous occupiers of which had been evicted.—Mr. Brunner, M.P., is bringing an action for libel against Mr. Champion, the well-known socialist, for having, in the *Labour Elector*, charged him, it is asserted, with sweating, and otherwise ill-treating his *employés*, at his alkali works at Cheshire.

JUDGMENT HAS BEEN GIVEN in the case Beresford Hope v. Lady Sandhurst, the arguments in which were recently summarised in this column, and which raised the question whether women are eligible as members of County Councils. Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Stephen have decided that they are not eligible, on the ground, among others, that if the Legislature intended to constitute women eligible for such offices, an exception would be made in a rule of long standing, and such an exception ought to be stated in perfectly plain language, and not left to be inferred from a comparison of four or five different statutes relating to different subjects.

PATRICK MOLLOY, who made in Dublin certain statements as to evidence which he would give before the Special Commission, and which when examined in London as a special witness for the *Times* he swore were false, has, after a long trial in the Central Criminal Court, been convicted of perjury, and sentenced by Mr. Justice Cave to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

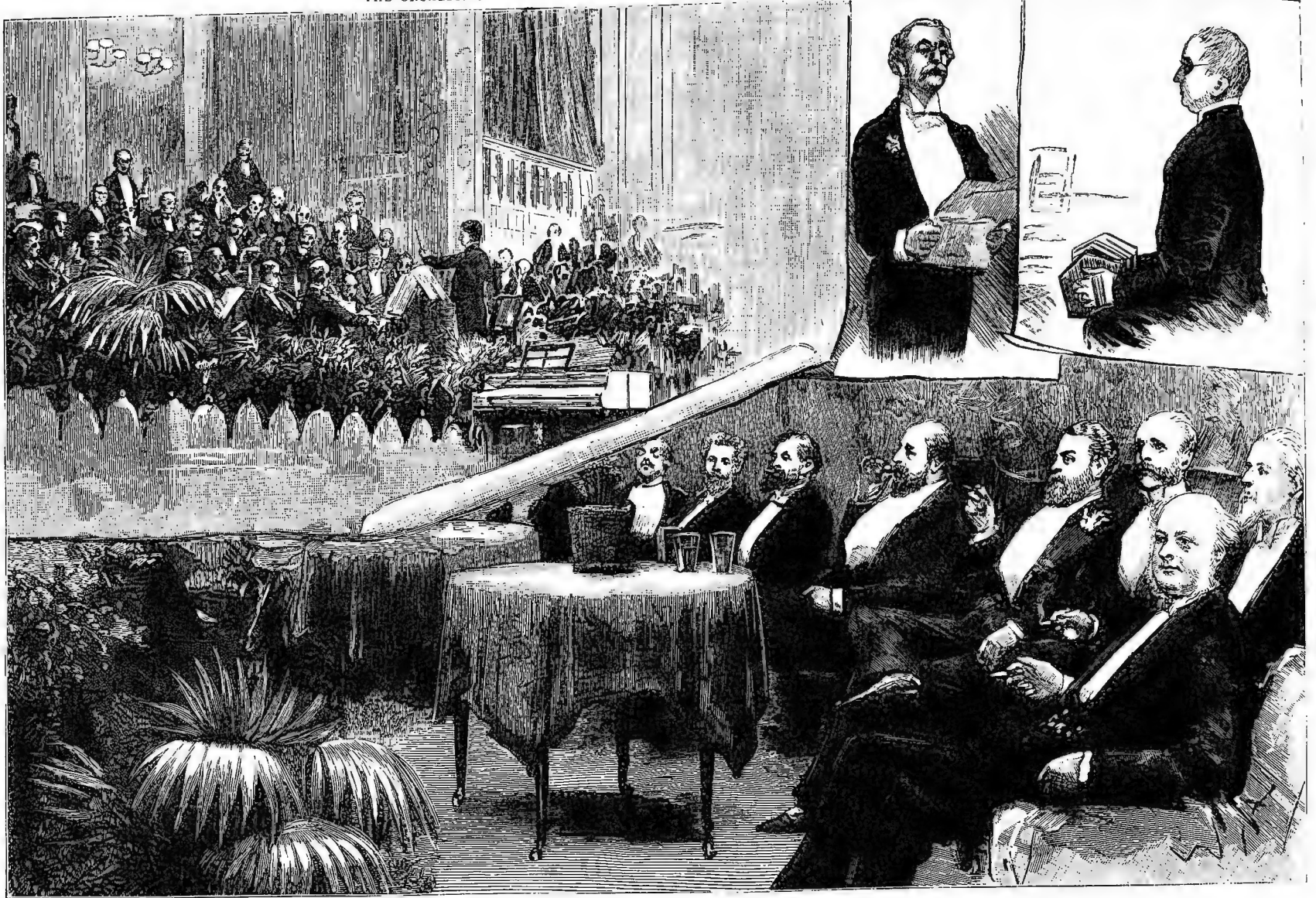
"CAN A STRANGER walk in and claim a list of shares?" was the question asked by Mr. Poland when defending a Limited Company which was summoned at the Guildhall by another Company, also limited, for refusing to furnish a list of the shares held by each of its shareholders. This was a test case. Sir Henry Knight decided that the defendant Company was in the wrong, and imposed a nominal fine of 2*l.*, without costs. It was understood that there would be an appeal.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION have confirmed the refusal of Mr. Justice Mathew to grant an interim injunction to prevent the continued performance of an English version of the French opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, as an alleged piracy of Messrs. Farnie's and Reece's well-known adaptation. Lord Coleridge, in giving judgment, commented on the great difference between a charge of pirating an English play and, as in this case, a translation from a French play. If English versions of the same French play were produced by several persons, they would more or less resemble each other, though there would be more or less difference between them.

A LICENSED DEALER IN FOREIGN GAME was fined by one of the Westminster Police Magistrates, as reported in this column

THE ORCHESTRA

TWO OF THE PERFORMERS

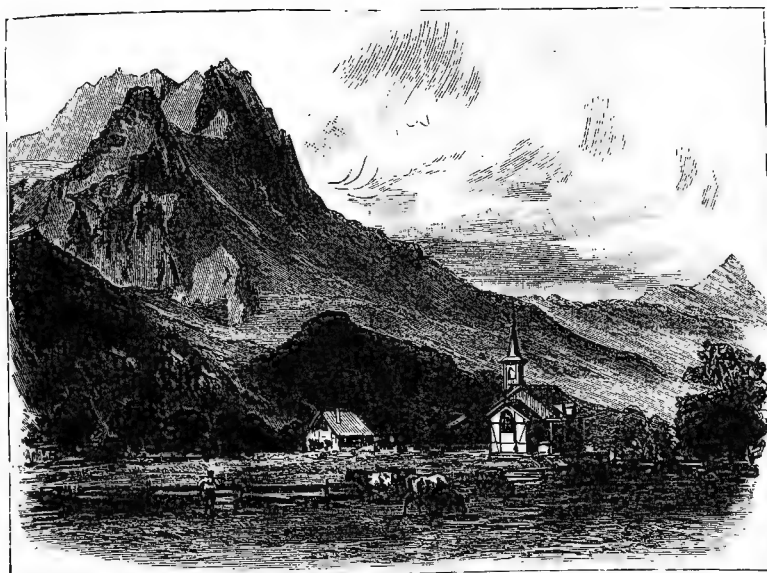


SOME OF THE AUDIENCE

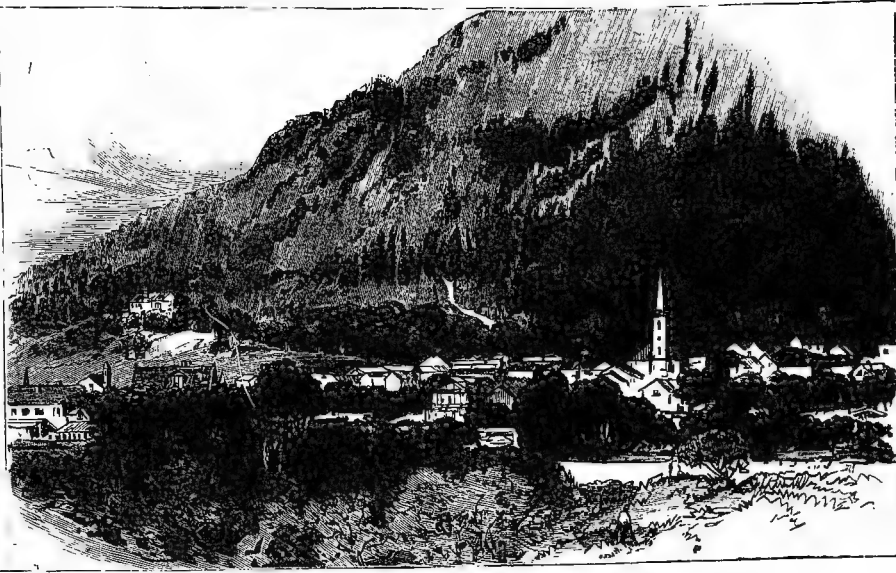
A SMOKING CONCERT OF THE STROLLING PLAYERS' AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, AT PRINCES' HALL, PICCADILLY



THE RETURN OF THE GUNS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS, FINSBURY



VIEW FROM PARTENKIRCHEN, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AND THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS IN GERMANY



VIEW OF PARTENKIRCHEN AND THE ECKENBERG

NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT PARTENKIRCHEN, BAVARIA



GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN AID OF THE LONDON HOSPITALS AT MR. CHARRINGTON'S HALL, IN THE EAST END
THE LORD MAYOR ADDRESSING THE MEETING

some time ago, for offering for sale, after the day on which it was unlawful to take game in England, some partridges imported in a frozen state from Russia. The Queen's Bench Division have, by a majority, quashed the conviction, holding that the object of the Act under which the dealer had been prosecuted was to provide a close time for game birds in England, and was not intended to refer to game killed abroad.

THE FAMILIAR RISK run by actors and actresses whom nothing will satisfy but a metamorphosis into managers and managresses has been recently illustrated again by two cases in the Bankruptcy Court. In one, Mr. Coulson, known professionally as "H. B. Conway," possessed 5,000*l.*, which consisted partly of savings. He exchanged acting for the management of a touring company, by which he lost 1,500*l.*, and subsequently, as lessee of the Strand Theatre, he lost in three months 2,000*l.* He went again on tour, and found himself not only minus his original capital, but more than 2,000*l.* in debt. He is now doubtless a sadder and wiser man, and has an engagement at 30*l.* a week. He passed his examination without opposition.—In the other case, Mrs. Darbshire, professionally known as Miss Agnes Hewitt, had about 3,000*l.* in cash when she became, in 1887, lessee of the Olympic Theatre, with her husband as manager. They have now been figuring in the Bankruptcy Court, her liabilities being 6,448*l.*, and her husband's 2,765*l.*, the assets in each case being *nil*. Both of them were allowed to pass.

THE INTERESTING CROSS AT EBSFLEET, erected as a memorial of the landing of St. Augustine, having been wilfully damaged by six young men, the Ramsgate magistrates fined them 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* each, inclusive of damages, or in default a month's hard labour. The cross is nominally the property of Lord Granville, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, who prosecuted, but, as was remarked by a gentleman who appeared for him, it is in reality a national memorial.



THE list of theatres closed either for the whole or the greater part of Passion Week has finally reached the unprecedented number of ten. Most of these reopen this (Saturday) evening, but the CRITERION, the VAUDEVILLE, and the AVENUE with the new burlesque entitled *Launcelet the Lovely*, reserve themselves for Easter Monday. It is curious to contrast this voluntary closing with the vigorous protests on the part of the managers against the old system of compulsory closing in Passion week. It is scarcely four years ago since the Lord Chamberlain removed the last vestige of this interdiction by giving up the Ash Wednesday restriction. This boon, it was said at the time, would be "hailed with delight" by the theatrical profession, and no doubt the poorer employees of the theatres, whose salaries cease when their functions are suspended, look with no favourable eye on Lenten vacations. As regards the managers, however, it is now beginning to be evident that, like Falstaff, their only objection was to "compulsion."

Easter novelties are not very numerous; but the AVENUE, as we have noted above, preserves the tradition of Mr. Planché's "salad days," and brings out a new burlesque. For the rest, with the exception of the LYRIC, which reopens this evening with *Doris*—the new comic opera by Mr. Cellier and Mr. Stephenson, with which the management hope to repeat their great success with *Dorothy*—and the new GARRICK, which opens its doors for the first time on Wednesday next with Mr. Pinero's new play *The Profligate*, there is nothing which can in strictness be described as a holiday production. We must not, however, forget that though Mr. Beerbohm Tree goes on for the present with *Falstaff* and *Griegoire*—compelling us, as they say at school, to "take the fat with the lean"—he has Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's *Wealth* in store, and counts upon producing it on Saturday next. All playgoers will have rejoiced to learn that Mr. Toole, whose domestic afflictions have excited so widespread a sympathy, will return to his headquarters in King William Street this evening. The bill consists of *The Don*, and *Ja On Parle Français*; but the popular comedian is also contemplating revivals of *Artful Cards*, *The Butler*, *The Serious Family*, and other pieces.

A new farcical comedy, entitled *Tantalus*, is in rehearsal at the COMEDY Theatre. The author is Mr. H. M. Paul.

The American theatrical papers tell us that Mr. Irving has bought of the author, Mr. H. T. Johnson, a one-act play in blank verse, entitled *The Jester King*.

The performances of the DRURY LANE pantomime will extend into Easter week—a fact which in what are still known as "the palmy days" of pantomime would have been considered marvellous, if not impossible. Friday (26th inst.) will be the last night. After this the popular Mr. Harry Nicholls will join Mr. Hawtreys' company at the COMEDY—without, however, renouncing his allegiance to Drury Lane.

The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy has now been transferred to the evening bill at the OPÉRA COMIQUE, Miss Mary Rorke's part of Mrs. Errol being now very pleasingly played by Miss Marion Terry. A new *lever de rideau*, *Her Own Rival*, is smartly written, but has rather an improbable plot. It was very favourably received last Saturday.

Mr. W. Outram Tristram has dramatised his story, *The King of Hearts*, which will shortly be published in this journal, illustrated by Messrs. Raiton and Thomson.

This evening the OLYMPIC opens under the management of Mr. John Coleman with a revival of *East Lynne*.

The NATIONAL STANDARD Theatre, re-decorated, will re-open on Easter Monday with Mr. J. W. Turner's Opera Company, who will appear in *Maritana*, to be followed by other popular English operas.

The Duke of Devonshire has given permission for an afternoon dress rehearsal at Devonshire House, on the 9th of May, of a comic opera entitled *Newport*, by an American author and composer. Newport is the name of a fashionable American watering-place.

Appropos of the announcement that every lady at the hundredth performance of *Paul Jones* at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre this week would be presented with a "floral souvenir," somebody has suggested that if the ladies are to be favoured with flowers, the gentlemen should be supplied with "weeds." By "weeds," this facetious person probably means cigars. There seems, however, some impropriety in describing as "souvenirs" what is destined so quickly to fade, or to be reduced to ashes.

Report speaks very favourably of a new romantic drama by Mr. Charles Coghlan, which has been brought out in New York. The title is *Feelynn*. Mr. Coghlan's sister, Miss Rose Coghlan, who since she was playing in England some years ago, has won great renown in leading parts on the American stage, enacts the part of the heroine.

The English version of M. Richepin's poetical play *Le Filibustier*, originally produced at the Théâtre Français, will be brought out at a *matinée* at TERRY'S Theatre on May 15th. Miss Calhoun will play the part of the heroine.

Mr. W. G. Wills is engaged on a new drama for Miss Isabel Bateman. It is described as a "costume piece" and will be performed by Edward Compton's Travelling Company.

Miss Grace Hawthorne will appear at the PRINCESS'S in a new play, entitled *True Heart*, on or about May 20th, when Mr. Wilson Barrett's engagement will have come to a close. *The Silver King* has been revived at this theatre during the present week, with Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and Mr. George Barrett in their original characters. On the 29th inst. a revival of *Claudian* will take its place.

Mr. John Vollaie, a very good actor of old-men parts, died last week at the age of sixty-nine. Mr. Vollaie's last appearance was in the recent revival of *Masks and Faces* at the HAYMARKET. He played the little part of Colley Cibber in the place of Mr. Brookfield.

Dramatic critics will now no doubt take heed to their ways. Within the last few days, the editor of a London theatrical paper has been adjudged to pay 300*l.* damages, besides costs, for saying that a certain dance appeared to him indecent, while the critic of a Belfast paper has to find 200*l.* and costs for the offence of writing in disparaging remarks on a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bentley appeared. In the latter case it was alleged that Mr. Bentley had once been guilty of the involuntary rudeness of dropping asleep while his critic happened to be reading to him a play of his own composition. This, it was suggested, might have had "something to do" with the adverse criticism.

It is stated that the morning performance at DRURY LANE last week for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund resulted in a profit of 300*l.* Considering the enormous size of the theatre, the extent and variety of the entertainments, and the vast array of distinguished actors and actresses who took part in them, this seems but a poor harvest.

During May and June Mr. Irving will give up Saturday evening performances, and will on that day give *Macbeth* in the afternoon only.

Dick Turpin the Second is the title of the burlesque by Mr. Goldberg—music by Mr. Lutz—which is to be produced at the GAIETY Theatre on the 5th of next month on the occasion of Mr. Charles Harris's benefit.



APRIL, thus far, has not been a genial month, and the 10th will long be remembered by Londoners as the darkest April day within living memory. The apathy with which, in an age of hygienic and scientific reform, the effects of a smoke-laden atmosphere are regarded by dwellers in the great cities is as disheartening as it is astonishing. Our concern, however, is with the rural districts, wherein fogs and darkness have not been prevalent so much as a chilly air and frequent falls of fine rain. It cannot, on the whole, be said that agricultural interests have sustained any injury, for the backwardness of the season is not such as to create any serious uneasiness, while the aspect of the winter-crops is generally satisfactory; that of wheat especially so. Most of the oats and barley have been sown, and, although some of the latter grain remains to sow in the West and North, it is probable that a full acreage will have been placed under this cereal by the end of the month. In the majority of counties, keep is abundant and holding out well, owing, in a great measure, to the mildness of the early part of the winter enabling farmers to keep their cattle in the fields later than usual. Ensilage has proved of universal utility, and where cattle have been fed on this fodder, with a ration of linseed or other cake added, extremely satisfactory results have been attained. Stock, generally, are doing well, but here and there we hear of a retrogression since March. The lambing season has been one of unusual prolificacy, and though the number of deaths in the Western and Midland shires has also been large—larger, we feel sure, than it need have been—still the nett result of the season should be to add to the number of lambs as compared with this time last year. The prices of store sheep and cattle continue high, and farmers are consequently discouraged from buying them for fattening purposes. More lambs and calves this season should, in consequence, be held back from the butcher, and this, in turn, should re-act favourably on the prices obtained by those who are sellers. Meadows and pastures are promising early grass.

WHEAT.—The fall in wheat prices since Lady Day has been serious, and, as previous currencies were by no means high, a situation of great difficulty and trouble has been brought about, and that not in England only, but also on the Continent and in America. The London wheat average has fallen from 32*s.* 9*d.* to 29*s.* 1*d.*, or 3*s.* 8*d.* in three weeks, while at New York the fall in the same period has been from 30*s.* 7*d.* to 28*s.* 6*d.*, or 2*s.* 1*d.*, and at Paris has been from 44*s.* 4*d.* to 41*s.* 5*d.*, or 2*s.* 11*d.* per quarter. The sales of breadstuffs since harvest are reckoned to have included 4,878,948 qrs. of English wheat, 8,610,295 qrs. of foreign wheat, and 2,792,065 qrs. of foreign flour, and to have equalled a total of 16,281,301 qrs., as compared with receipts on the same period of last cereal year of 15,547,448 qrs. The estimated requirements of the period are put at 15,190,000 qrs., and it is in the excess of the recent receipts over this figure that an explanation of falling prices is to be found.

IN THE MIDLANDS the winter of 1888-9 has been an improvement on that of either 1887-8 or 1886-7. Farm work is a fortnight more forward than it was at this time last year, while the wheat plant looks very healthy, and is tillering well. The young seeds are a good plant, and promise good keep for the ewes and lambs, or a good crop of clover hay, as the case may be. The turnips and swedes have lasted fairly well, and barley sowing is nearly completed. Store cattle are quite 2*l.* a head dearer than last year, so that the breeder has the best of it this spring, and at the present price of beef the grazier must resign himself to small profits. Farm rents do not rise; here and there a Lady Day letting has been at a lower rent, but for the most part there is no change. There is much heavy land in the Midlands, and where there is defective drainage as well, it has got into a bad state, known locally as "sugged" land. This refers to a fine surface-layer, with wet, cold, and raw soil underneath. The greater portion of such land will now be left until roots can be put in during the course of May.

SPRINKLERS are the latest of agricultural machines, and they seem likely to play a very considerable part in the scientific farming of the future. The new and improved sprinklers patented by Mr. Strawson will distribute a gallon of paraffin in a dew-like spray over an acre of land. The system is a very clever one, different cylinders being supplied to the machine, which is light, and can easily be driven by one horse. The cylinder from which the spray is ejected—by pneumatic pressure, we believe—is mounted on a swivel, and can be raised or depressed at will. This addition of the swivel enables hop-gardens to be sprinkled with fluids which destroy lice and aphides, while they do not injure either leaves or bine. Powdered manures can be distributed or sprinkled by the same machine as the liquids. We have, in fact, seen a cloud of fine lime-dust distributed in this manner, as also an impalpable dust of powdered basic slag. So fine is the dust that the sprinkler in its progress appears to be followed by a fanlike cloud of gray smoke.

POTATOES.—An interesting lecture by Dr. Gilbert gives the average production of potatoes for the last four years in the eleven chief potato-growing countries of the world. Dr. Gilbert is apparently an advanced Home Ruler, as he gives not only Ireland, but also Scotland, as a separate nation. However, agriculturally speaking, this is not without its advantages, as it prevents the high average yield per acre in England (6·23 tons) being lowered, through the poor cultivation of Ireland, 3·90 tons, which is inferior to the yield in semi-arctic Norway, 6·01 tons, in Belgium 4·54 tons, in Holland 4·09 tons, or in Scotland 5·90 tons. In the United States potatoes would appear to be the resort of the poorer sort of agriculturist, for the enormous area of 2,197,877 acres yields but 4,139,313 tons, or an average of 1·87 tons. It would be interesting to learn if the farmers who thus fail to raise a crop of even a couple of tons to the acre are mainly the Irish immigrants who have already failed in their native land. Germany is by far the greatest producer of potatoes in the world, growing 23,633,011 tons on 7,119,291 acres. As much of the land is poor, the average of 3·31 tons cannot be regarded as wholly unsatisfactory.

THE SAME CROP has also been the subject of an interesting address from a clergyman, Mr. Cartwright, who has made several valuable experiments, with a view to determining the effects of different manures on potatoes. He has tried salt, soot, woodashes, malt-dust, peat, bonedust, dung, lime, decayed leaves, sulphuric acid, and gypsum, both separately and together. And he has found salt, the effects of which were considered to be doubtful, the best of all. The energy of salt when combined with soot was very striking. It was noticed that the plants, which grew on the beds where salt had been applied were of a paler green than the rest, but the results showed that there was no indication of want of vigour to be inferred therefrom.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Potato-planting is now absorbing the attention of Scottish farmers.—We hear from Braemar that the weather of the first fortnight of April there was extremely severe, snow and sleet falling almost every day.—An important dairy conference will be held at Staurear on June 11th, under the presidency of the Earl of Galloway.—A public dinner to prominent authorities in dairy farming will be given at Kilmarnock about the middle of June.—On many of the Lowland farms the fall of lambs has averaged 175 to every 100 bearing ewes.—A very important show of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses will be held at Bristol on July 23rd, and three following days.—There has been within the past fortnight a rise of nearly 2*s.* per quarter in the price of oats. The stocks in London are much smaller than had been supposed prior to the official publication on the 8th inst.—Barley at Canterbury keeps up to 34*s.* 3*d.* per quarter, Kentish barley being in especial request this year. In London the average is low.—The sales of spring flowers in the London streets just before Easter have been remarkable. Jonquils, asphodels and cut hyacinths have been cheap and abundant, but these come from Holland and the Channel Islands. English primroses and daffodils are beginning to appear. Of the latter, an almost perfect bed may now be seen in the gardens of the Middle Temple.

FOREIGN CATS are heavily taxed on entering the United States. A pussy from Cork was recently sent to a resident of Albany, who to his dismay, was mulcted in a duty of 2*l.* 10*s.* before he could pass the feline immigrant through the Customs.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN objects to his subjects becoming too much Americanised. Though eager to take useful hints from the United States, he objects to their social freedom, and will not allow rough and ready American sports to be imported. Roller-skating in particular is strictly prohibited.

AN ARTISTIC OPERA HAT was carried by the new American President on Inauguration Day. It was the result of a wager between the President's son and a newspaper editor at the election, and the editor having lost provided a gorgeous head-covering of pure American manufacture. The white satin head lining was beautifully hand-painted with birds and flowers, so that President Harrison ought to have worn his hat inside out to display its beauties. Portraits of the President and Vice-President ornamented the crown, with a sketch of the first page of the newspaper concerned on an elaborate background of golden sunlight, bordered by blades of grass, artists' brushes, and other symbolical decorations.

THE "LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS" is interpreted in very practical fashion by an American cynic. To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it will shortly change owners, and if a cotton one is put by the side of a silk umbrella it means—exchange is no robbery. An umbrella held over a lady with the man getting the raindrops from the points signifies courtship, but when the man keeps the lion's share of the umbrella, and gives the lady the drippings, marriage is indicated. To carry the umbrella under the arm at an angle implies that the individual following will lose an eye, while to hold it just high enough to injure the passer's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman." Lastly, the loan of an umbrella is synonymous with an act of egregious folly.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA has prompted many of the most destitute natives to attack their wealthy neighbours. In the province of Nuochang they have formed bands of "Human Locusts" or "Village Devourers," who besiege the landowners and cause fierce conflicts. At one of these frays a certain Wang was attacked, and as he killed one of the "locust" assailants, so much fuss was made by the poorer classes over the affair that Mr. Wang and the dead man were taken before the magistrate. The latter solemnly enquired of the corpse why he had tried to enter Wang's premises without leave. As the deceased did not reply the magistrate ordered him two hundred strokes of the bamboo for contempt of Court, and continued his interrogatory in the similar style till 1,000 blows had been given. Then he told the crowd, "The man is dead now, but Mr. Wang did not kill him. He died from the punishment legally inflicted on him. If any one after this attacks any house the proprietors are justified in protecting themselves by shooting. To avoid getting killed, therefore, you have only to abstain from interfering with other people."

TWO VALUABLE INSTITUTIONS which succour those who go down to the sea in ships have sent us an appeal for assistance. The Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society has celebrated its jubilee this year. This Association is the one National Institution which provides for every want of shipwrecked sailors and their families, and helps the seafaring classes to help themselves. It gives the shipwrecked board, lodging, clothing, and means to reach home after a disaster; compensates them for loss of boat and clothes; assists their widows, orphans, and other relatives; bestows rewards for saving life at sea, and promotes any benevolent design to benefit the seafarers. Altogether some 11,000 or 12,000 are relieved annually through the Society's 1,000 agencies at home and abroad. Now the Society specially asks the clergy of all denominations to notify cases of distress to the Local or Central Offices, as the dependents of shipwrecked mariners are often lost sight of, and thus deprived of help which could be given. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., at the Central Office, Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.C. Nor should the claims of that invaluable Association, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, be forgotten, with its 293 lifeboats on the British coasts. Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Office, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.
The Most Popular Engravings.
PARTHENIA. G. H. Swinstead
PARSON'S DAUGHTER. GEORGE ROMNEY.
LETTY. Sir F. Leighton.
IN LOVE. Marcus Stone.
SILVER SEA. J. MacWhirter.
KENILWORTH CASTLE. F. SLOCOMBE.
A MILL ON THE YARE. JOHN CRANE.
A KISS FROM THE SEA. HAMILTON MACALLAN.
DAPHNEPHORIA. Sir F. Leighton
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF ENGRAVINGS IN LONDON IN STOCK.

GEO. REES.
115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street)
Repeatedly Supplied to Her Majesty.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS
UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTES combine the Elegance, Convenience of the Cottage with the Perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability of the HORIZONTAL GRAND. Prices from 40 Guineas Upwards.—18, Wigmore St., London, W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.
desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

PIANOS, £15. PIANOS, £20.
PIANOS, £25.—An opportunity now offers to those who are able to pay cash, of purchasing really good pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices. Descriptive lists free. **THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,** 27, Baker Street.

TOLADIES.—SALE OF NEW MUSIC at a large reduction, and post free. All new songs, pieces, &c. of all publishers. New copies, best editions. Prices commence 4d., 6d., 8d. Catalogues sent gratis, and post free.—J. W. MOFFATT, Barnsbury House, 280, Caledonian Road, London, N.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO.'S
PIANOS. Every description for SALE or HIRE. Illustrated Lists free.
SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—Pianos and ORGANS. Absolute Sale. New Partnership. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
Class 1, 12 gs. Class 2, 13 gs. Class 3, 14 gs.
Class 4, 15 gs. Class 5, 16 gs. Class 6, 17 gs.
Class 7, 18 gs. Class 8, 19 gs. Class 9, 20 gs.
American Organs by all the best makers, from 40 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years, if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free. **T. D'ALMAINE and CO.** (Established 104 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
33, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON, W.
GOLD MEDAL.
INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 35 to 450 Gs.
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

Pour paraître au mois de Juin, Prix: 1 fr.

L'ÉTÉ
MAGNIFIQUE PUBLICATION
TIRÉE PRESQUE ENTIÈREMENT EN
COULEUR ET ACCOMPAGNÉE
D'UNE GRANDE PRIME ÉGALEMENT EN
COULEUR.

Encouragée par le grand succès des numéros exceptionnels que le GRAPHIC publie chaque année, la Direction de ce journal a entrepris de faire paraître à l'avenir une ÉDITION FRANÇAISE en même temps que l'édition anglaise. Le premier de ces numéros paraîtra en juin et aura un intérêt particulier en raison de l'Exposition universelle, à laquelle plusieurs pages d'illustration et de texte seront consacrées.

Les numéros exceptionnels du GRAPHIC occupent aujourd'hui le premier rang en Angleterre et en Amérique et sont accueillis avec faveur dans les autres pays de l'Europe. On en a la preuve dans leur tirage considérable qui s'est élevé au chiffre fabuleux de 650,000 exemplaires. L'Administration reçoit constamment des demandes d'une édition française, et elle répond à ce désir en publiant L'ÉTÉ.

Par ses illustrations, par ses articles d'un choix toujours irréprochable, L'ÉTÉ s'adresse à tous les lecteurs, et d'avance sa place désignée sur la table de lecture de toutes les familles.

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'insister sur le succès réservé à cette publication. Tout le monde connaît le GRAPHIC anglais. L'ÉTÉ ne lui sera inférieur sous aucun rapport.

Le tirage en couleur ne permettant pas de réimpressions, l'édition devra être nécessairement limitée.

AYRTON and THOMAS, Patent
Agents, conduct every kind of British, Foreign, and Colonial business connected with PATENTS, DESIGNS, and TRADE MARKS. No fees for preliminary information and advice. Correspondence solicited.

THE TRUE POSITION OF PATENTEES.
By H. MOV THOMAS. One Shilling.
London: 9 and 10, Southampton Buildings.

One Penny, every Saturday, of all Newsagents.
AMATEUR GARDENING. Is addressed to Amateur Gardeners exclusively, and consults their interests in every particular, with a view to augment their enjoyment, and lessen their expenses in the practice of Horticulture.

COLOURED PLATE GIVEN AWAY. Office: 148 and 149, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

42, South—21, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.
HOW TO INCREASE THE HEIGHT of the HUMAN BODY by Natural and Artificial Means—by knee caps, hip bands, electricity, diet, and other devices. By ALEX. ROSS. Sent free for addressed and stamped envelope.

THREE YOUNG LADIES
(sisters) offer their services on moderate terms to ladies who are willing to give them orders for all sorts of fancy and plain work, knitting and crocheting of all kinds, also painting in oils.—Address: A. B. care of Mr. WOOD, 124, Fortess Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.

METZLER and CO.'S LIST.
NEW SONGS. 2s. net. Post free.
LA CHARMANTE MARGUERITE.

Sung with great success by Miss Liza Lehmann at the Monday Popular Concerts, and at all her engagements; also by Miss Marguerite Hall. In two keys, D, compass A to F sharp and E.

MAGYAR SONG. Felix Semon.
The English words adapted from the Hungarian of Vorosmirtly by Marion Chappell. Sung at the Monday Popular Concerts by Mr. Sandley with great success. Compass C to F.

YOU ASK ME WHY I LOVE.
Composed by LAWRENCE KELLIE. Sung with enormous success by Miss Lucille Saunders, Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Lena Law, and the Composer. In two keys, E flat, compass B flat to E flat, and F.

DOUGLAS GORDON.
LAWRENCE KELLIE.
Will be sung by Madame Belle Cole and the Composer at all their engagements this season. Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Published in three keys, E flat, F (compass D to F), and G.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE
UNTRODDEN WAYS. LAWRENCE KELLIE's beautiful setting of these charming words is sung with the greatest success by Miss Lena Law. Published in two keys, F (compass A to D), and A flat.

THE CHILDREN'S PILGRIMAGE
BLUMENFELD'S New Song. In three keys, G, B flat (compass E to G), and C.

ONLY ONE WORD. F. L. Moir.
New Song by the composer of the popular Song, "The Story of Years." In two keys, B flat (compass E to G), and C.

GOLDEN YEARS. Edward CUTLER.
Now being sung with very great success by Miss Edith Hand. Compass C to F. "Destined to become very popular."

THE LIFTED VEIL. Joseph BARNBY.
"A new song by this popular composer is heartily welcomed." Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Sung by Miss Meredith Elliott. Published in two keys (compass B flat to C) and G.

A NEW CANTATA.
THE FISHERS. Written by Henry ROSE, and composed by J. M. COWARD. Songs and Trios, Duets, and Concerted Numbers. Choruses and Scenes. Vocal Score complete.

THE WALTZ OF THE SEASON.
MEMORIES. Caroline Lowthian.
Played with great success by Mr. Liddell at all his engagements.

METZLER and CO.
Sole Importers of the Celebrated **MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.** "Matchless." "Unrivalled." "So highly prized by me."—FRANZ LISZT.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.
HIGHEST AWARDS.
1,000 Testimonials. Prices from £8 to £400. Liberal Discount for Cash. Illustrated List post free.

MASON and HAMLIN PIANO-FORTES. The NEW UPRIGHT MODEL. The NEW BOUDOIR GRAND MODEL. Improved method of stringing.

METZLER and CO.'S BRASS, REED, and STRINGED INSTRUMENTS of Every Description. List post free.

METZLER and CO.,
42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

MUSICAL.—Transpose your Songs by having one of GEORGE RUSSELL'S PIANOS, which gives you a choice of six half tones or every note of the keyboard; cannot possibly get out of order; fifteen years' warranty; hundred in stock, and several second-hands.—2, Stanhope Street, N.W. (near Maple's)

Price One Shilling, post free.
INDIGESTION: Its Causes and CURE. By JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.
J. EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

NEW SERIAL ISSUE. IN MONTHLY PARTS price 7d. of the ILLUSTRATED EDITION of the **LIFE and WORK of ST. PAUL.** By the Ven. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

PART I, NOW READY. Price 7d.
In PART I, is issued a MAP IN COLOURS. CASSELL and CO., Ltd., Ludgate Hill, London.

SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE RAMSGATE.

President—The Very Rev. the DEAN of CANTERBURY, D.D.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge.

The College is a public school, intended to afford a sound education based on the Protestant and Evangelical principles of the Church of England. 250 boys; 22 Masters (Graduates).

Exhibitions and Scholarships of £42, £21, £15, and £10 are annually thrown open for competition. Chapel, Gymnasium, Workshop, Swimming Bath, Tennis Courts, Fields of over 20 acres, Cycle Path, &c. Fees for board and tuition, £57 per annum.

SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE, JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Under the immediate supervision of Rev. E. D'AUQUIER and the Rev. J. B. WHITING. Fees same as in the College.

For full information as to both branches apply to Head Master.

CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Patron, The Queen.
The object of this Society is the improvement of the condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-operation between the Charities and the Poor Law, and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due investigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by repressing mendacity.

Committees (38) have been established throughout London.

CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 3, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Fund of the Council.

CHEQUE BANK (Limited).
Established 1873. 4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall. City Branch, 3, George Yard, Lombard St. Agents in all parts of the world.

EUCALYPTA.
EUCALYPTA.
EUCALYPTA.

CURE FOR
HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND
NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
Price 2s. 9d.

WHOLESALE OF
BARCLAY and SONS,
95, Farringdon Street, E.C.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL SILKS.

PATTERNS AND ESTIMATES FREE.

IMPERISHABLE SILKS.

Guaranteed to wear, of pure Silk, light in weight rich in effect, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d. per yard.

POULT MERVEILLEUX.
Marvellous value, soft, durable, and inexpensive, yet rich, from 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.

THE PERFECTION.
Dionnet et Cie. manufacture this Silk. Worn by Royal. Vide Fashions: "The manufacturers have excelled themselves." 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d.

GROS GRAIN.
400 Pieces rich Lyons Silks, marvellous value 2s. 11d., worth 4s. 11d.; 4s. 11d., worth 5s. 6d.; 4s. 11d., worth 7s. 6d.

FAILLE FRANCAISE.
30 Pieces of these lovely French Silks, at 3s. 3d. per yard, worth 5s. 6d.; also at 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d. per yard.

PONGEE SILKS.
1,000 Pieces in every shade that Art can suggest, a special price, notwithstanding the great advance in Silk goods, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d. per yard.

MOIRÉ SILKS.
400 yards in all the newest shades to match our "Industry Cashmeres" from 3s. 11d. per yard.

FANCY SILKS.
In Lace, Stripe, and Broche designs for Weddings Fêtes, &c., from 1s. 9d. per yard.

VELVETS and PLUSHES.
Rich Brocaded and Plain Mantle Velvets, Coloured Lyons Velvets, and Plushes in every fashionable shade.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS.

PLEASE MENTION GRAPHIC.

CHAPMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DRESSES.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS FREE.

AMAZON CLOTH.
In Thirty New Colourings, 44 to 50 inches wide, 1s. 11d., 2s. 3d., and 2s. 11d. per yard.

PLAIN FOULÉS.
These Fabrics are manufactured from the purest and finest wools, and dyed in the latest fashionable tints. 44 inches wide, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 11d. per yard.

STRIPED SATIN CLOTHS.
A very choice Fabric, in subdued Art shades, 45 inches wide, 1s. 11d. per yard.

FRENCH BEIGES.
Special attention is drawn to these Fabrics, which, being manufactured from the purest wools, will be found very suitable for spring wear. 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per yard.

TOURING PLAIDS.
The diversity of design together with the lovely blending of colours in these Fabrics, render them specially worthy of notice, 44 to 44 inches wide, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per yard.

ART BORDERED COSTUME CLOTH.
In Vicuna Cloth, Fine Serge, and Amazon Habit Cloth, with Floral and Graduated Stripe Borders. 43 inches wide, 1s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.

ART PRINTED SATEENS.
In the most delicate colourings. The goods are one of the most fashionable novelties for the coming season, 27 to 30 inches wide, 9d. to 1s. 6d. per yard.

EGYPTIAN ZEPHYRS.
Made from specially twisted yarns, in endless variety of design, 6d. to 2s. per yard.

MOURNING FABRICS

OUR ASSORTMENT comprises the newest productions in Stripe and Fancy Weavings, Cashmere Twills, Foulé Serges and Vicuna Cloths, in single and double widths, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.

WHAT TO GIVE for a PRESENT?
—Few Art manufactures offer such a large selection of articles combining novelty and beauty with lasting use, as CHINA and GLASS, and fewer still give so much for so little. Special list on application.—ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, Established 1760.

EUROZINE TOOTH POWDER.
Saves the Enamel. Soothes the Gums and Mouth. Cleansing, Refreshing, Cooling, Pleasant to use. Delicious Perfume. Invented and Prepared only by **HARDIE TURNBULL**, Chemist, Trinity, Edinburgh. Box, 1s. 11d., post free 1s. 3d., and of all Chemists.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Send for 14 or 36 penny stamps. **MOST INVARIABLE.** J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly Removes Superfluous Hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without Injury to the Skin. Of most Chemists, 1s.; or sent with directions free from observations, post free, 15 stamps.—Mrs. H.R. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

A FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.
A SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion. By washing with Sulpholine Soap the skin becomes spotless, soft, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and comfortable. Tablets, sixpence. Sold everywhere.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.
"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.
Six for 40s. Illustrated price lists and directions for self-measure by post. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.
30s., 40s. the half-dozen. Celebrated for fit, durability, and appearance. All double stitched. RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry.

BEAUTIFUL LACES, copied from the Antique, Spanish, Venetian, Reticellais, Punto da Milano, &c., have received the greatest praise from judges of Lace in London, Brussels, and Rome, also in the *Queen*. They are the work of very poor Irish women and girls, who earnestly desire help which they much need. Orders have been received from many Ladies of high rank and fashion both at home and abroad, and the work gave great satisfaction. Black Laces after Antique will be made to order. Send for Patterns to Madame CHARLES, Post Office, Rathfriland, County Wicklow, Ireland.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH SHIRTS.
Made specially to your own pattern or measure. Guaranteed sound material. Honest work. No whitelash made to order. Send for samples and price. GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

NEW SHIRTS for OLD ONES
Old Shirts retted with Irish Linen Fronts and Cuffs. Good quality, 2s. 6d. each. Specially fine Linen, 5s. each. New Shirts made to order. GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

PURE WOOL SHIRTS and "UNSHRINKABLE" Wool Shirts, from 4s. 6d. to 9s. 9d. each, ready made to order; also Pyjamas or Sleeping Suits. Send for Patterns. GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It has long been in use in America, and is highly recommended by medical men. It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething, or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 11d.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
Will positively restore in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicates dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
Is put up with directions in German, French, and Spanish. Retail everywhere in the kingdom at 3s. 6d. Only one size.—Sold wholesale by the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited**, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living animalcules, leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.

For children or adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The FLORILINE should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH AND BREATH.
Is sold wherever the English language is spoken. Ask for the FRAGRANT FLORILINE. Price 2s. 6d.

Sold wholesale by the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited**, Farringdon Road, London.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL FOR THE HAIR.
Keeps the scalp free from dandruff, promotes the growth of the hair, and makes it soft, silky, and luxuriant. Being perfectly harmless, and most delicately perfumed, it is equally suitable for all ages, but is invaluable and indispensable in the nursery.

CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL FOR THE HAIR.
May be obtained of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers throughout the world. Price 1s. per Bottle, or a single bottle will be sent by Parcel Post on receipt of stamps 1s. 3d.

Prepared only at the Laboratory of the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY (Limited)**, 33, Farringdon Road, London, Proprietors.

OETZMANN and CO. SALE.
67, 69, 71, 73, 75, and 77, HAMPSHIRE ROAD (Near Tottenham Court Road and 11 Gower St. Station)

OETZMANN and CO. £5 5s.
BED-ROOM FURNISHED COMPLETE. For 45 Guineas. For illustration and full details list see page 131 in Post free on application.

OETZMANN and CO. £5 15s.
THE WALTHAM ASH BED-ROOM SUITE. Consisting of Wardrobe, with 4-panel plate-glass door, Marble-top and T.C. bed, Washstand, with pedestal cupboard and towel rack, attached dressing table, with bevelled edge, 18" x 24" glass attached. Cane-seat Chairs, &c. £5 15s. complete.

OETZMANN and CO. 8½ Gs.
BED-ROOM FURNISHED COMPLETE. For 8½ Guineas. For illustration and full details list see page 131 in Post free on application.

OETZMANN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. the best Furnishing Guide extant, containing Coloured and other Illustrations, with full particulars and prices of every article required in complete house furnishing, post free on application.—OETZMANN & CO., Hampstead Road

OETZMANN and CO. CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, DECORATORS, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD (NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD AND GOWER STREET STATION.)

SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Circus, and Piccadilly.

TO BE LET FURNISHED, ON THE BANKS of the THAMES. A Detached House with Shrubbery to the River Kitchen and Flower Garden, Tennis Lawn, the garden about an acre, surrounded by Firs, Sycamores, containing three reception, seven bedrooms, good fishing. Excellent water supply and gas. One mile from station, and forty minutes of train from Waterloo. Rent for summer months twelve guineas per week. For cards to view apply to Mr. PARKER, "The Graphic" Office, 192, Strand, W.C.

FARM PUPILS.—Gentlemen are received on the Farms of the **AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY, Limited**, Horsham, Sussex, 1,400 acres, arable and pasture—400 head of cattle—Dairy—For terms and particulars apply to the **SECRETARY—AYLESBURY DAIRY COMPANY**—in London, St. Peterburgh Place, Baywater, or Horsham, Sussex.

THE LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL. AFFORDS ABSOLUTE SAFETY from the Spread of Disease by Patients suffering from contagious fever by admitting them into its wards, and there isolating them. The admission fee is three guineas, which pays for as long a period of treatment and nursing as may be necessary, generally six weeks. This fee covers only about a fourth of the cost; the remainder is borne by the Charity.

The domestic servants of governors and employers of subscribing firms, clubs, hotels, &c., are treated free of charge. The Hospital is nearly full, and the outlay is exceedingly heavy. Additional support is earnestly solicited. Private rooms may be had at a charge of three guineas a week. For particulars write to the Secretary, Major W. CHRISTIE.

CONSUMPTION. NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST. MOUNT VERNON, HAMPSTEAD N.W.

OUT PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT. MOUNT VERNON, HAMPSTEAD N.W. (Established 1862.) Patients admitted from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Chairman of General Committee: Benjamin A. Lyon Esq., Uplands, Hampstead. Vice-Chairman: The Right Hon. Lord Roberts, 30, Upper Grosvenor Street, W. Chairman of House Committee: The Rev. Sherard B. Burnaby, Vicarage, Hampstead.

This Hospital, since its foundation in the year 1860, has been the means of relieving more than 120,000 patients and has special facilities for the treatment of the most advanced cases of consumption. It has received that a lofty altitude combined with a dry, bracing air, such as Hampstead affords, materially assists in arresting the progress of disease in advanced cases, and in completing recovery at less advanced stages of Consumption.

The Committee would be pleased to gratify the wishes of any Donors who would like to endow and name a Ward or Single Bed for their own Patients.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, 37, Fleet Street, E.C. by the Secretary, at the office, 216, Tottenham Court Road, W.; or by any of the following Gentlemen: Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, W.C.; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street, E.C.; London and County Bank, Hanover Square, W. ALFRED HOARE, The Secret. LIONEL HILL, Hon. Secretary.

SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.—Largest House in London. Branch—1, Dorset Street, Manchester Square. Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

President—THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LEICHL

In order to sustain the Hospital and to Branch in their present efficient working order, the Committee very earnestly and confidently appeal for aid from the friends of the Hospital, and all who sympathize with them in their efforts to relieve the suffering and save many poor women and children from the horrors of the "Institution" is a Free Hospital for the relief of women suffering from the various diseases of the female system, and for the treatment of the diseases of children, and for the treatment of the diseases of the female system, and for the treatment of the diseases of children, and for the treatment of the diseases

THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., &C., AUTHOR OF "THE KILIMA-NJARO EXPEDITION," &C.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.



"We carried off a rich spoil of slaves, cattle, and camels"

WHEN I HAD SERVED IN THE ARMY of the Sultan of Kano for perhaps six months, we were ordered to get ready to go on a warlike expedition. The Sarki of Kano had arranged a very clever plan. Some little while before the Sultan of Gubea, a town in the Bornu territories, had sent an invitation to him to join in a raid on the pagans of Kalam; but the Kano Sultan excused himself by saying that he had other concerns in which he wished to employ his army. Nevertheless, he urged the Sultan of Gubea to exterminate in Kalam all such as should not have embraced the true faith; and, as soon as he satisfied himself that the Sultan of Gubea had set out on his expedition with all his forces, and that the frontier lands of Bornu were denuded of soldiers, he gave orders to the commander of his army, Sheikh Abd-er-Rahman (a Moor, who had risen to a high position in the service of the Sultan of Kano), to get ready four thousand cavalry and about twenty thousand foot soldiers, armed with bows and spears and muskets, and invade the country of Katagum and the border lands of Bornu. Before the army left Kano many of us wished for charms against death, and several old "figis" or "mallams" came, with their calabash inkstands and reed-pens, and wrote out verses from the Quran on sheepskin.

When we left Kano we rode for about the space of half a day, and then stopped to encamp for the night, and the villagers of the district opened a market in our camp and sold provisions. At nightfall the leader of the camp sent for such of us as he esteemed for our valour, and gave us kola-nuts to eat. We started again at midnight, when the waning moon was risen, and then made a long journey, even to the next evening. The day after that we arrived in the vicinity of a town called Gubu, which our commander proposed to attack, as it was well populated. All the inhabitants round, at our approach, had flocked into Gubu, and defended themselves behind its walls, and also concealed themselves in the palm-groves and the stubble of the durra-corn in its environs. They shot poisoned arrows and hurled darts at us; but we soon dislodged them from the vicinity of the town by setting fire to the stubble and such of the dry trees as would burn, and the raging of this fire swept the ground clean, and drove all the people into the town; and the next day we delivered the assault with the whole force, and easily carried the town by storm.

But the leader of our army, Abd-er-Rahman, was angry at the resistance they had made, and he cut off the heads of eight hundred of the defenders; and, having selected about two thousand of the best among the slaves, he despatched them with a small convoy back to Kano, whilst we proceeded further towards Katagum, leaving the town of Gubu not quite empty of inhabitants; for, as our commander said, we must allow some to remain behind to breed more slaves. The country of Katagum we utterly wasted and laid bare, and carried off a rich spoil of slaves, cattle, and camels; and, after raiding as

far as Filiti, we reassembled our forces and returned to Kano. I had agreed with some of my comrades that we should mutually assist each other in capturing slaves, and share the profits between us. The custom in that country is that, when a private soldier shall have caught, say, five slaves, he shall give two of them to the Sarki of Kano and retain the other three for himself—out of every five he must give up two to the Governor. We—that is to say, my five comrades and myself—managed altogether to capture forty slaves, which we bound one to the other and drove back before us when we were returning to Kano with the rest of the force. Of these forty some were old women, some were young girls and boys, and three or four were able-bodied men. We gave up sixteen of the slaves to the Sultan,



"One night a lion and lioness jumped into our camp . . . but we drove them off with burning brands"

taking care to choose the oldest and least valuable among them, and of the twenty-four that remained we each got four. Altogether, the whole amount of slaves collected with this raid numbered several thousand, and brought much wealth to the Sultan. At that time there was not a good market for slaves in Kano—there was no demand for them now by the merchants from the Kwara; so the Sultan of Kano resolved to send a strong slave caravan to Zinder, a town about eight days' journey north of Kano; and he chose me as one of the escort, at which I greatly rejoiced, for I counted on selling at a good price my own four slaves. At the same time we had to convey presents and a letter to the Sarki of Zinder, who had recently allied himself to Kano against the Bornu people.

The Commander of this expedition to Zinder—the Sarki-n-bai, or the "Maidaria,"* as we used to call him—was a very jolly, good-tempered man named Ubanmasifa. He was fond of jesting, and would often make us laugh loudly at his tales. He had taken a liking to me when we went on the slave raid to Katagum, and on this journey to Zinder he made me his Zaka-fada.† Several Moorish merchants from Fezzan accompanied us from Kano to Zinder, and with one of these—a man named Al-Haj-Ayub—I became very friendly, and he talked much to me of the fine things which were to be seen in his country, and in the land of the Turks at Tarabulus, and advised me to secretly leave the service of the Sarki of Kano, and accompany him on his return to Murzuk, whither he was going with a convoy of slaves and camels, for, he told me, camels were so cheap in Zinder, that many people came across the Great Desert to buy them and take them back to Fezzan to sell again.

In our caravan, besides slaves, we carried a store of sweet potatoes and dried fish, which are things that may be profitably sold in Zinder, where the people are far off from any big water that holds fish, and for some reason or other cannot grow sweet potatoes in their plantations. The road from Kano to Zinder is unsafe travelling for small caravans, because of the robbers that lurk in the woods, and some of these are Daura people, who are pagans, and very fierce, and are constantly at war with the people of both Zinder and Kano. They would lie in wait to attack even us, and would endeavour to surround and kill any stragglers of the caravan, shooting poisoned arrows. The force of their bows is so great that it is said their arrows will pierce three planks of wood placed together, and the poison of them, which is obtained from a certain plant, causes you to quickly swell up and die, even if your skin is only just pricked with the point of the arrow. We lost in this way one or two soldiers who had lagged behind.

And another danger in this country was the many lions and hyenas of a large kind, spotted, and not striped such as those you see in Tarabulus. We had to make big fires at night-time to keep off these beasts, and even then we were not safe, for one night a lion and lioness jumped into our camp over the hedge of thorns in a place where the fire had sunk low, and attacked some of our horses, but we drove them off with burning brands. The hyenas, however, as we neared Zinder got so bold that they would surround the camp at night in large numbers, and any man who should venture outside alone would be attacked and pulled down; and they had a cunning method of leaping at the throats of such as they found alone and unprotected, and by seizing the necks of these people suddenly in their jaws, they would prevent their crying out.

After being about ten days on this route, we came within sight of Zinder, which we first discovered by the numbers of vultures that were circling round it in the air, for this great town lies a little low, and is concealed by a lot of rocks and low green hills. As soon as we entered the town, we of the escort who were taking the letter and

* "The Laugher"

† Aide-de-Camp



"The Tree of Death"



"The executioner every now and then turned and made a jest to the people"

Then, the Sultan having commanded us to deliver our message, we rose up and told him the occasion of our visit, and delivered to him the letter and the present which the Sarki of Kano had sent to him.

The Sultan ordered his people to fetch an old Figi—an Arab from Wadai, who acted as his scribe—and when this man arrived, he handed him the letter to read. Its contents pleased the Sultan, and he said that, in future, he should trust to Allah and the Sarki of Kano for the maintenance of his power, and not any longer to the Sheikh of Bornu, who had no business in his country, for in Zinder did they not speak Hausa, and not Kanuri? And then he bade the Wazir give us each a present of kauri shells from the treasury, and supply us with food during our stay; and he told us that he would consider what reply he should send to the Sarki of Kano, and would give us a letter and a present to our Sultan when we should be ready to return to Kano.

After this, we went out into the town, and visited such people as were persons of importance, paying many compliments, and receiving small presents in return. The next day we went to look at the slave-market to hear what prices were being given for slaves, but we found, to our disappointment, that they were of no more value here than at Kano, for the Sarki of Zinder had made many Ghazias† of late into the Daura country, and Zinder was full of slaves for sale. As I did not see any chance of getting a good price at present for my four slaves, whom I had brought with me, I resolved not to be in a hurry to sell them, although I was having to feed them all this time.

The Sarki of Zinder is a cruel man, and much feared by his subjects and by the Tawarek of the Desert who come to Zinder to trade. For the least offence he sentences people to death. When a criminal is to be killed he is taken by the executioner to an open

* Oh, great King, great King; King of the World!"
† Slave-raids.

the present from the Sarki of Kano to the Sarki of Zinder, went first to the house of the Ghaladima, the Wazir of the Sultan, and he, bidding us wait awhile in his outer court, hurried off to acquaint the Sarki of our coming, and arrange for an audience. The houses of Zinder seemed to us poor and dirty after those of Kano. The walls are simply of clay, baked in the sun, which has not been white-washed nor decorated after the fashion of the Arabs. There is scarcely any furniture, and no mats or carpets to sit on; indeed, the Ghaladima himself was sitting in the dust.

After we had waited a short space of time, the Wazir returned and said the Sultan was ready to receive us, and, acting himself as a guide, he led us through the streets of the town to the Sultan's palace, which was a kind of mud fort. Herein we entered, and after passing through several courts where there were a lot of soldiers lounging about, all unarmed and bare-headed, clad in very dirty taubs, we were ushered into a dark chamber, where the Sultan was sitting on a mud bench. Instructed by the Wazir, we all threw ourselves down, and, taking up the dust of the floor in our hands, we threw it over our heads, saying in Hausa, "Baba-n-sarki, Baba-n-sarki; Sarki-n-dunia!"*

place, underneath a lofty tree, with thick shiny leaves, of a kind called "Alleluba" in the Hausa tongue. Of this sort of tree there are three or four only in Zinder, and each one is called "Iatshe-n-mutua," which means the "Tree of Death," for these trees mark the places of execution upon the outskirts of the town.

A few days after we had come to Zinder we heard that a number of men, who had been caught stealing in the Sultan's plantations, were to be killed, and the Ghaladima sent a small boy to guide us to the place of execution, so that we might see how such things were carried on in Zinder.

We came, then, to one of these trees standing in an open space, which was bounded by great rocks, wherein the hyenas had their dens, and could eat the bodies of the people executed. The place under the shade of the tree was so clean swept and smooth that I went thither to seat myself out of the sun, but the boy who had come with us hastily snatched me back, and asked me if I wished to die.

"For," he said, "all such as go under the boughs of that tree, save the executioner, must die; and it is fortunate the executioner is not already here, or certainly thou wouldst have been hung up by the heels."

When I heard these words I took care to get a safe distance from this Tree of Death, and I then observed that its upper branches were covered with innumerable vultures, who seemed to know, from the crowd of people standing under the place, that an execution had been ordered.

Presently the men doomed to death by the Sultan arrived, and fear was struck into all our hearts when we saw the manner of punishment ordered, and we wondered not that the Sultan of Zinder had made himself greatly feared by his people.

There were six men this time to be killed. Their arms were bound to their sides and their ankles hobbled. Three of them the executioner tied round the neck and the ankles to the trunk of the tree, and then taking his long and straight sword he drove it into their bowels, and ripped them right up to the breast-bone, after which he plunged in his hands and tore out their hearts, which he cast out to the vultures, who were thronging round him waiting for the offering.

As to the other three, he first tied a rope round their ankles, and then seizing them as a man would seize a man in wrestling, turned them round on end on their heads, and while his assistant held them in this position, he threw the end of the rope over the lower branches of the tree, and then hung the man up by his heels. After hanging thus for a short while, the blood gushed from their mouths and nostrils, and in much agony they died.

But the last of these men, when the executioner was wrestling with him, bit him several times in the arms, so that he took out pieces of flesh with his teeth, and this so enraged the executioner that he changed the mode of punishment.

With the help of his attendants, he drew the rope through the man's armpits and then slung him up to the tree, so that his feet were a few inches from the ground. And when he was thus hung up perpendicularly, and swinging to and fro and turning round, the executioner took his sharp sword, and slowly cut the man to bits in little pieces, first lopping off the toes and then the fingers and the nose, and then slices from his arms and thighs, and every now and then he turned and made a jest to the people, who roared with laughter and clapped their hands in applause, after the Zinder fashion, and all the while the man who was being killed was screaming till his ears were deafened, and the vultures were nearly tripping up the executioner in their eagerness to snatch at the morsels that he hacked from the man.

At last the man had bled to death, and the executioner had cut off everything below his middle, and left the upper half of him still hanging to the tree. The people shrieked and applauded, and said there never was such an executioner in any town like theirs. But for my part I thought this a bad people, and surely such pastimes must be displeasing to Allah?

We had been in Zinder some three weeks, and still the Sultan had not got ready his letter and his gift for Kano, and there seemed no chance of selling our slaves profitably. And I liked not this place, and ever felt fearsome and uneasy; for its people were insolent; and some who had seen me walk under the Tree of Death would tease me, and tell me that by rights I too should be executed.

This being so, I listened not unwillingly to my Fezzani friend, who proposed that I should join his caravan, and cross the Great Desert with him, assuring me that I should sell my slaves at great advantage at Murzuk, where the price is nearly ten times that of Zinder. Moreover, I might afterwards journey to the Turks' country on the sea coast, where I should see the wonders of the Nasrani,* and the great water, and the ships, and other things, the like of which I had never seen before.

The Fezzani, Al-Haj-Ayub, was a wise man, who had travelled far, and had been in Mecca, and even in the Balad-al-Hind,† and he told me privately the land of the blacks was "batal"—worthless—and not to be named beside the lands of the Arabs and the Hindis, where the great Engrizi ruled. So he advised me to secretly make all ready for my departure without arousing the suspicion of the leader of our expedition, the "Sarki-n-bai," and then, when he sent me word to join him, to slip away from Zinder at night, and travel with the Aïri‡ caravan, that he himself would accompany as far as the country of

* Christians.

† India.

‡ Aïri, or Aïri, the name of the inhabitants of Azben.



الحاج أيوب مرزوقي

"Al-Haj-Ayub"

Azben; and to render this easier, he suggested that I should make a feint of selling to him the four slaves I possessed, and should also make over to him the camel I was to buy with the dollars and kauris I had hoarded in Kano and brought with me to Zinder; thus, he could join my possessions to his own and take them out of Zinder in the caravan without arousing suspicion, and after I was well out of danger, on the road to Azben, he could return to me my own. This seemed to me a good plan, and I did as he directed, pretending to the Sarki-n-bai that I was tired of keeping the slaves, and had got a good price from Al-Haj-Ayub.

When the Aïri caravan was ready to start—it was principally composed of Fezzani merchants and Ghadamsi traders returning across the desert with their slaves, and was escorted by Tawarek, who were paid to guard it safely as far as Agades—I received a secret message from Al-Haj-Ayub, telling me to leave Zinder at nightfall without arousing suspicion, and ride out to a small village under the hills to the north of the town, where I could join the caravan, which would halt there for the night. Accordingly I saddled my horse in the afternoon, and asking permission of the Sarki-n-bai to ride to the other end of the town and pay a visit to one of our friends, at whose plantation I said I would pass the night, I started, and when once outside the town rode rapidly to the village where I had appointed to meet Al-Haj-Ayub. He arrived with the caravan soon after me, and paid me many compliments on my dexterity, telling me that I might rise to be a great man some day in the land of the Turks. I proposed that he should now restore me my camel and my four slaves, to one of whom, who was a girl from the town of Katagum, I had become much attached, and had resolved not to sell her. But Al-Haj-Ayub advised me in my own interest not to press such a request, for, he said, "I have told the leader of the caravan that these slaves and this camel are mine, and that thou art my friend, who will accompany me as far as Azben on business for the Sarki of Kano, so it will be better not to alter this arrangement till we arrive at Azben; otherwise, knowing that thou wert a slave belonging to Kano, they might send thee back to the Sarki-n-bai at Zinder."

This advice seemed reasonable, so I held my peace, though I was rather vexed that my woman-slave was placed with the women that accompanied Al-Haj-Ayub; but my Fezzani friend so talked me over that I resolved not to make any fuss until we were well beyond the limits of the Zinder territory. In this manner, appearing as the friend and companion of Al-Haj-Ayub, I travelled without incident of note, as far as the country of Damergu, and here my friend advised me to sell my Kano horse, telling me that it would surely die in the Great Desert beyond, and directed me to exchange it for a camel, which I did. For the space of two weeks we travelled through the Desert beyond Damergu, and the like of such country I never saw before. It filled my heart with terror.

Except at the wells and drinking places, which were few and far between, there was not a sign of a tree or bush—nothing but sand, and hills made of sand. Although the land we crossed was so dry and parched and sandy along the line of the caravan, yet ever and anon, where the sky met the earth, I could see large lakes of water in the far, far distance, and groves of trees; but whenever I pointed these out to my companions, and asked why, when we were suffering from thirst, we should turn from these lakes, they would laugh and jeer at me for a know-nothing pagan, and tell me that these lakes were shams, and the work of the Jann* who inhabit the Desert, and that, if any one went in that direction, he would simply lose himself in the sand and die.

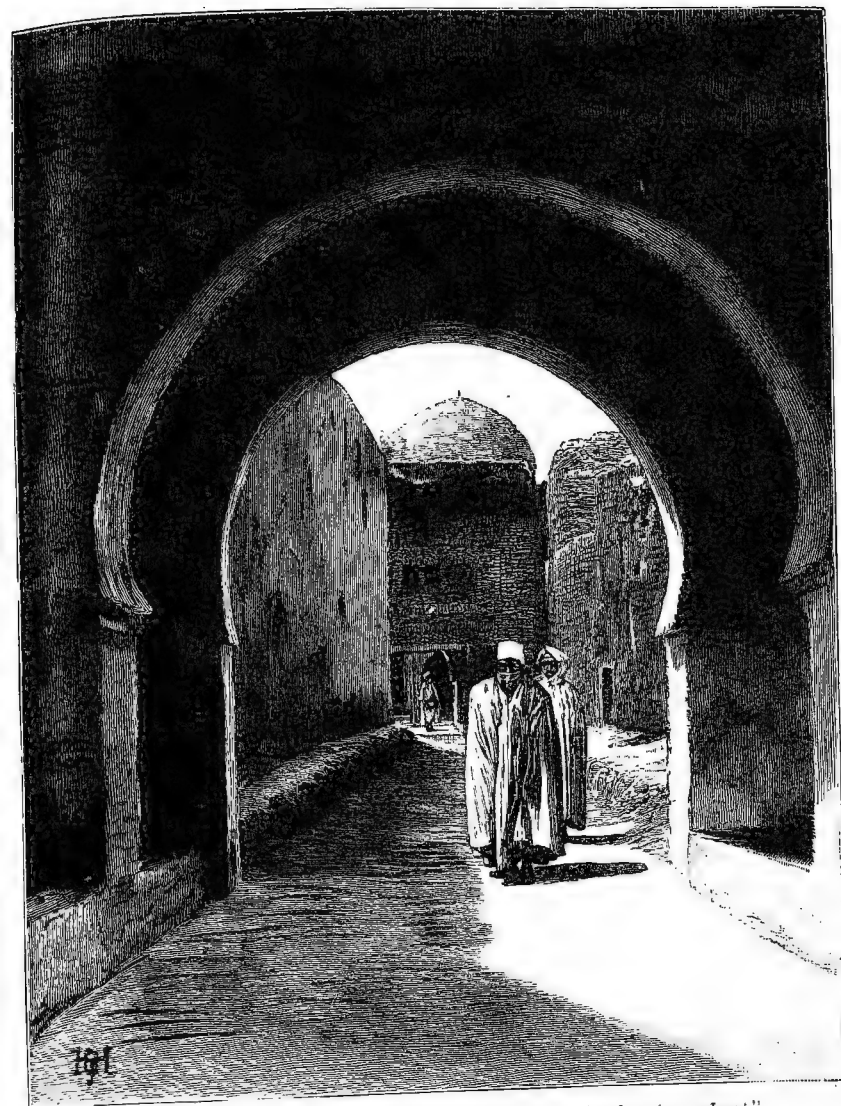
The farther we travelled the less I liked the Fezzani, Al-Haj-Ayub. He became rude and insolent to me, for each time I hinted at his handing over my slaves or paying me for the use of my camel he threatened to betray me to the leader of the caravan, and have me sent back to Zinder. At length we arrived at Agades, and here I loudly demanded my slaves and camel from Al-Haj-Ayub, and he replied, "Assuredly, on the morrow, when we have rested, I will restore to thee what is thine own, but speak not of this in the hearing of the Tawarek that came with us, lest they find out thy secret and inform the Sultan of Azben." Accordingly, I waited with impatience for the morrow, but on the morrow the Fezzani sent me word that he was very sick with the fever, and could not transact business, and, moreover, it would be better to wait till the Tawarek guard was dispersed; but he asked me to meet him on the next day in the market-place, and he would make over to me my property. So on the morrow I met him, and he said, "For safety I have stored thy slaves and thy camel in another part of the town: do thou come with me and I will show thee where they are." Then he led me through many streets to the house of a Ghadamsi merchant, and when we entered he spoke to this man in the language of Ghadames, which I did not then understand, and the Ghadamsi looked very hard at me, and said to me in Hausa, "All right, I will show thee where thy slaves and camel are put, and thou shalt dwell with me till the starting of the caravan for Ghadames."

Then my Fezzani friend said to me, "I have a matter of business

* Genii, demons.



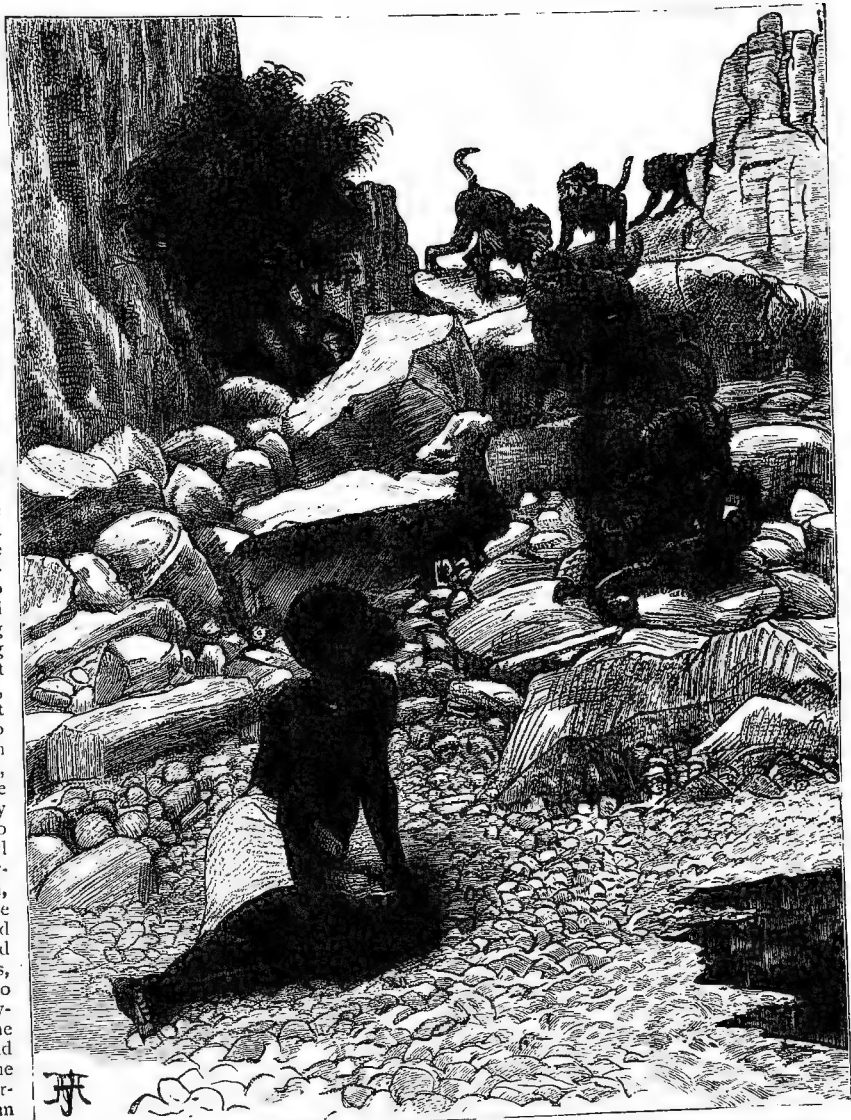
"The Mirage (These lakes were shams, and the work of the Jann)"



"Then he led me through many streets to the house of a Ghadamsi merchant"

some would be able just to reach the drinking place, and then would sink down and die before the water reached their lips. And if any slave was loth to start when the caravan was ready, he was either shot, or left to die of hunger.

And in this way I nearly perished too, for when we had been journeying some thirty days a sickness of the bowels overtook me so that I could hardly drag myself along with the rest of the slaves, and I felt it was better to die quietly in the Desert, than to endure this agony day after day. So when we had reached a certain well, where there was a broad wadi and many rocks, I managed to conceal myself among the boulders, and the rest of the caravan, hearing an alarm of the approach of



"But when these creatures came nearer—I being too dazed to think of flight—I saw they were only baboons, of a kind not unlike those which were found in my own country"

to attend to, I will leave thee here," and he departed. And when he had gone the Ghadamsi directed me to follow him, and led me into a dark chamber, and said, "Look within that inner apartment and thou shalt see thy four slaves." And when I turned from him to look, something struck me violently on the head, and I swooned.

I know not how long I remained in that condition; but, when I awoke, I felt very ill, and found my head covered with blood, and my wrists and ankles tied. I was stripped naked, and my dagger had been taken from me.

I began then to understand the trick that had been played on me; and, as I looked round, I found myself in the same dark chamber where the Ghadamsi had told me to look for my slaves. I staggered to my feet, and tried to find the door with my hands. But it was shut and bolted; and I struck it with my hands, and called loudly many times; but the exertion made me swoon again.

When I once more came to myself, I found the door open, and the Ghadamsi standing over me; and, when I looked at him, he spoke to me slowly and distinctly in Hausa, saying—

"It is time for thee now to know the truth. Thy friend the Fezzani has played thee a trick. Here are no slaves of thine, nor any, for the Fezzani said thou wert a mad fellow that pestered him with thy tales, and he paid me to detain thee here until such time as he should have started well on his return to Ghadames. Now, hearken carefully to what I say. Whether or no thou hadst slaves is a matter of no interest to me. Thou art now my slave. If thou art disposed to work for me without noise or clamour, it is well. I will give thee food and clothing, and treat thee well. But if thou art going to make a rumpus and bother with thy talk of slaves and camels, it were better that I put an end to thee at once before thy strength comes back."

And here he held above me my own dagger, and made a feint as it were to plunge it into my breast; but I, feebly staying him with my hand, begged for mercy, and told him that since I could not recover my property, and had nowhere to go for protection, I would remain with him, and serve him faithfully as his slave.

At these words he put the dagger back into its sheath, and lifted me up and led me into an outer court, where he bade me wash my wounded head in a tank of water, and, afterwards, he gave me a mess of porridge and an old shirt.

And in this sorry condition I abode with the Ghadamsi for a space of three months. And then he concluded his business in Ghadames, and, having gathered together a large convoy of slaves, he made ready to return to his native town. So we set out with the next Ghadames caravan.

Whilst we journeyed through the country of Azben my life was bearable, for although I had to walk on foot, the marches were short, and there was plenty of water at each place we stopped at; but when we entered the Great Desert beyond our sufferings were terrible, for all we slaves had to walk on foot through the hot sand, and it was so far to go from well to well that many slaves died by the way;

some Tawarek robbers, hurried off, and no one searched for me.

In the shade of these rocks I fell asleep, and I must have slept a long time, perhaps a whole day and part of a night, for it was morning when I lay down, and the moon was high when I awoke, and instead of dying, as I expected, I felt somewhat recovered, and though my body was wet and cold with the heavy dew; but I cooled my parched tongue by licking the drops of moisture from my arms, and in spite of my weakness, I managed to totter to the well which had been dug in the wadi, and fetch up some water in a broken cooking-pot that lay near. I also found some dates and a piece of maize-bread, which some one in the caravan had left behind in the hurry of departure.

Whilst I sat eating I had a great fright, for there was all at once a clamour amongst the rocks, and I thought it must either be the Tawarek coming, or the caravan returning. Then it seemed to me that it was not men that I saw leaping over the stones, but Jinns or Ghuls of the Desert, and I was so scared with fright, that the sweat poured out over me.

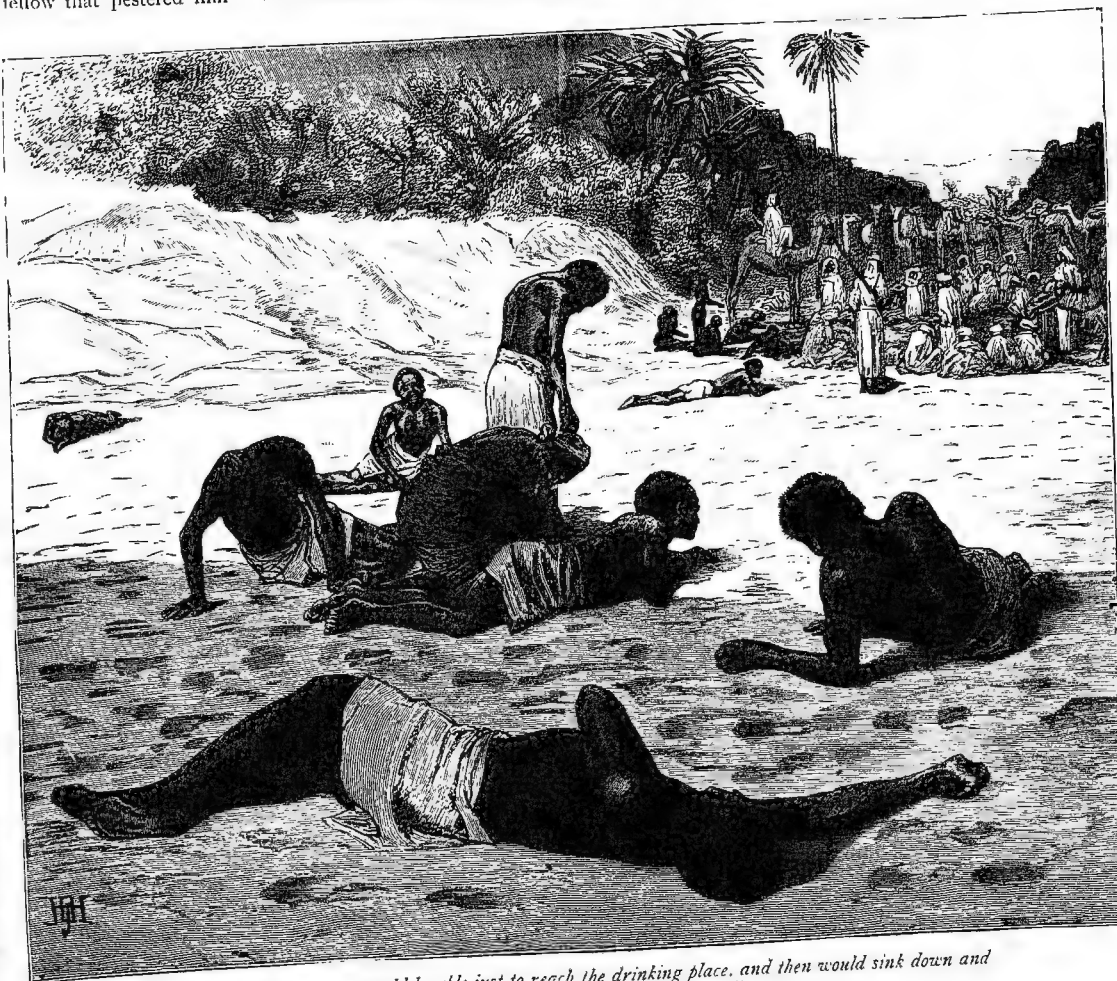
But when these creatures came nearer—I being too dazed to think of flight—I saw they were only baboons, of a kind not unlike those which were found in my own country. And they, too, were scared

when they beheld me, and hesitated to come to the well to drink. But, finding I heeded them not, and seeing that I was unarmed, they gradually took courage and satisfied their thirst. And, when they had left, I again fell asleep, and did not awake till it was morning; and then I rubbed my eyes, and wondered whether I was under any more delusions, for I saw men standing and squatting round about me, and a number of camels tethered at a little distance, and these men had all of them face-veils, and I knew they were Tawarek; and when they saw me move, and look on them, some of them started up and came towards me, and one said to me, in the Hausa language, "We took thee for a dead man. How camest thou here?"

Then I told them so much of my history as would serve my purpose; and, after consulting some time among themselves, one of them that had a spare camel that carried a little baggage mounted me thereon, and we rode away. After several days' travelling, during which the Tawarek treated me kindly, and gave me a sufficiency of food, we entered a broad wadi, where there were many date-palms growing, and this, I was told, was on the outskirts of Ghat.

The Tawarek camped outside the town for a few days, and then took me into Ghat, and sold me in the slave-market to a Ghadamsi merchant, named Sidi Bu Khamsa. And here, in Ghat, I first saw the Turks. The Governor of the town and some soldiers who live in a fort are Turks, but the Tawarek are masters of the place. I do not think, although you are expert at travelling, that you would ever be able to reach Ghat, for the Tawarek will let no Christian come into the place; and, indeed, men that I met there would boast in my hearing of the number of Christians they had killed. Some they said were Fransawi,* who had come from the north, where the Fransawi ruled, and the Tawarek would tell how they had killed some with their spears, and had made others drink of poisoned wells, and for this the Turks never punished them, for they had not the power.

I led a quiet life in Ghat, and grew fat and strong, for there was plenty of food. My master, Si Bu Khamsa, was a mild man, and treated me kindly, seeing that I was a hard worker. He principally employed me in his gardens, which were in the wadi among the palm groves, some distance from the town. Here I worked a noria,† which a camel turned round and round to bring up the water, and I tended the herbs and vegetables in the garden which the Ghadamsi was wont to sell in the Suk‡ at Ghat. I was happy here, and began to forget all my troubles, for my master, taking me into favour for the willingness with which I worked, gave me one of his slaves to wife, who was a native of Bornu. I lived in the plantations, and so little troubled me that I should have been content to have remained there all the rest of my days. But after



"Many slaves . . . would be able just to reach the drinking place, and then would sink down and die before the water reached their lips"

* French.
† Water-wheel.
‡ Market.



"For at this hour he is wont to leave the Mosque of the Olive Tree"

about three years, Si Bu Khamsa died, and all his property was divided amongst his heirs. I, and my wife, and a lot of other slaves, were all to be sold in the market, because there was some dispute among the young men who claimed the property; therefore a day was appointed when the sale should take place. Now some merchants had come from Murzuk for the purpose of trading, and when the auctioneer was leading us through the bazaars to show us to people who might wish to buy slaves, some of these Fezzani traders came forward to inspect us, and when one of them began to ask questions, I recognised the voice as a voice I had heard before, and, looking into the face of the man who had spoken, I saw it was none other than the Fezzani who had so well tricked me in the country of Azben, and nearly brought about my death. But I gave no sign of having recognised him, thinking it better to bide my time and take my revenge surely. And he, looking into my face, knew me not, for I had grown a beard and was otherwise much changed during the time which had elapsed since we had last met. Moreover, the Fezzani was suffering from the eye-sickness which was common in Fezzan, and could not see clearly, so that when I was offered him for sale he was obliged to touch my body with his hands to ascertain that I was strong and well-made.

And the auctioneer, who was a kindly-hearted man, wished that I should not be separated from my wife, so he asked of the Fezzani a lower price if he should buy the two of us.

And after much haggling he consented, and I was handed over to him, together with my wife, for a sum of two hundred riyalat. Then he took me away with him to the house in which he lodged, and told me that he should return in a few days to Murzuk, and that if I proved myself an honest and capable man he should put me in charge of one of his plantations there. And to all that he said I replied with sweet-sounding words; and though he asked me many questions, and told me he had a fancy we had met before, I said nothing, but concealed my thoughts from him. But to my wife I told everything, and we arranged that we would wait for a good opportunity to revenge ourselves on this man.

When he had got together all his merchandise and slaves, and loaded his camels, we set out for Murzuk. Now the Fezzani had taken a fancy to my wife, and resolved to make her his concubine, and she conferring on this with me, I advised her what she should do. In the gardens that we passed through outside Ghat I plucked the berries from a certain tree,* and at the first halting-place I gave these to my wife telling her to bruise them, and put their juice into the Fezzani's drink, so that he might become stupefied. This she was not able to do until several days were passed, for the Fezzani sent not for her to come to him until we had arrived at a great wadi between two high cliffs, where there was much vegetation and abundance of fresh water, for it had been raining in the mountains. Here Al-Haj-Ayub,

who was ailing, resolved to rest for a while, as in this place there were a few abandoned huts, where some black people had at one time lived, and in the middle of the first night after we arrived here, my wife came to where I was sleeping, and said,

"I have done it. The Fezzani is now a dead man, or likely to die. I ground up these berries with the coffee that he bade me prepare for him, and now he is lying in his tent like a corpse."

The other slaves were all sleeping, except two Fezzani servants, and these seemed to take little note of what was going on near their master's tent. So I crept in with my wife, and found Al-Haj-Ayub still living. He had vomited much of the stuff my wife had given him, and when I crawled into the tent he was making some effort to raise his head.

Fearing lest he should recover, I seized a big stone that kept down one side of the tent, and with that smashed in the Fezzani's skull before he had time to cry out. And after this, afraid for what I had done, I hastily took such small things as I could lay my hands on—pistols and such like—and, beckoning to my wife to follow me, we crawled out of the tent together and made our way very quietly back to the place where I had been sleeping. And, being accustomed to this moving about of slaves at night within the camp, the two Fezzani sentinels paid no heed to our movements—perhaps even they were asleep. So I passed round among the other slaves, such of them as were men, and told them how and why I had killed the leader of the caravan. And they all agreed that these words were just.

Then I proposed that we should take the two Fezzani sentinels by surprise and kill them, and then divide amongst ourselves the plunder, and afterwards go our own ways. This being agreed to, before the morning light had come, such of us as were strong men armed ourselves, and, stealing up to the Fezzani sentinels through the rocks, we suddenly threw ourselves upon them ere they were yet awake, and wrenched their guns away from them. Then we stabbed them with knives and smashed in their heads with stones, and they were soon put an end to. And when the daylight came we divided the goods of the caravan, not without some wrangling and dispute amongst ourselves; and I, being the leader of the men, took Al-Haj-Ayub's camel, while the camels of the two other Fezzani fell to the lot of other slaves.

When all this was settled we hardly knew what to do. Some advised that we should return to Ghat and tell a tale which should explain our case, and others counselled that we should continue on the road to Murzuk and enter the town separately. But as none knew the road, and we feared to lose ourselves in the desert, I for one resolved to stop for the present where we were, inasmuch as the rains had left a great pool of water in the wadi, and we had certain



"And she, too, after running for some distance, threw up her hands and fell down in a heap"

provisions of our master's to feed on; so, finding me of that opinion, the remainder of the people agreed to stay.

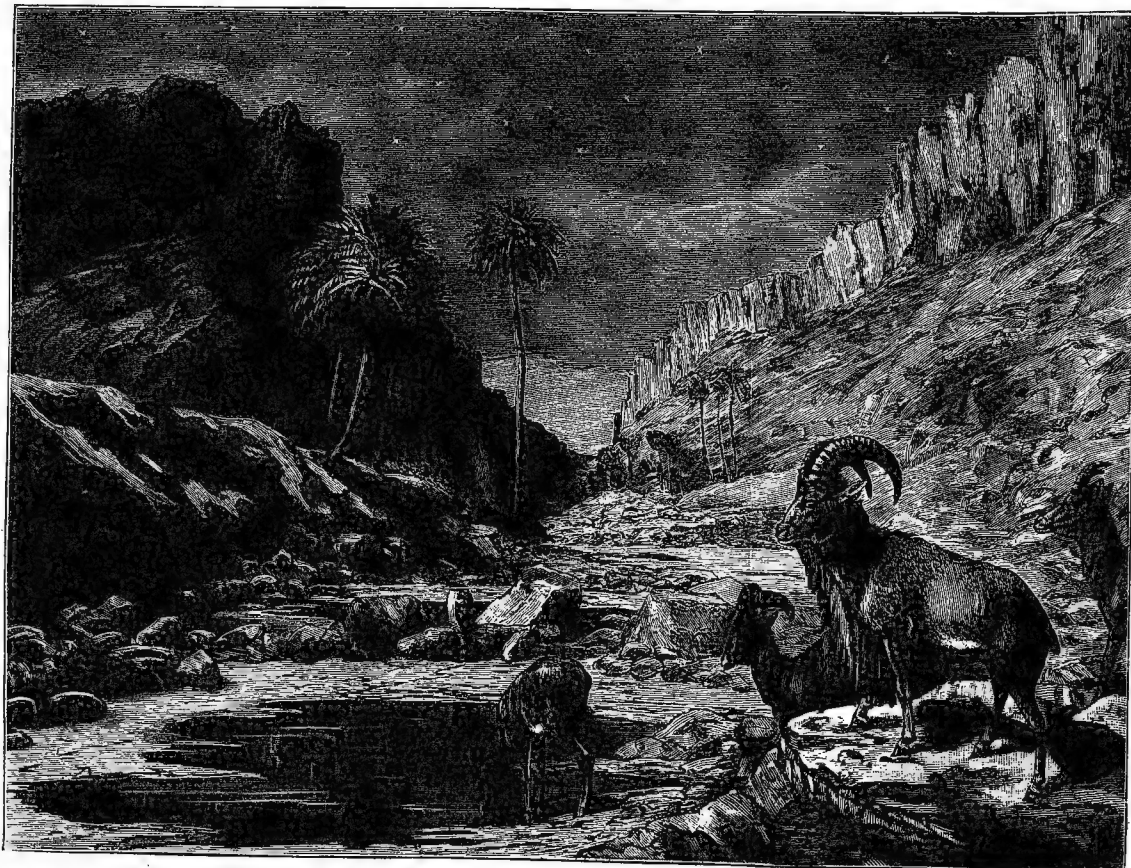
For the first few weeks everything went well. We patched up the abandoned huts with branches from the athel and tatha trees of the wadi, and took up our abode in them, dividing the women slaves among such as were the stronger men; and we killed with stones and caught in snares the ducks and desert-fowls that came to the pool of water to drink; and we laid in wait for the great wadan,* the big animal with the mane something of the sheep-kind which you may find in some places in the desert.

These wadan would come down in the night-time from the great cliffs that surrounded the wadi to browse on the sweet pasture which had sprung up round the pool. Our houses were away from the pool some little distance half way up the cliff, and therefore the wadan were not disturbed by our presence.

So, in the darkness, we would creep down and lie among the rocks near the water, and, if the wind was in the right direction, and the wadan did not scent us, we would sometimes manage to kill them with our guns. But, after awhile, whether it was that these were scared away by our having killed some of their flock, or whether the camels were consuming the herbage, I do not know, but they ceased to come, and the ducks and other fowl, too, began to leave the wadi now that the drought was commencing, and the pool drying up. And in this way we began to be short of food, and were forced to kill the camels, one after the other, to eat their flesh. And when the scarcity of food was felt, before we had killed the camels, some of us were urgent that we should leave this wadi, and proceed towards Murzuk. But it would seem that our master, the Fezzani, had chosen an unfrequented route, in order to avoid the lands of Ajhar Tawarek, which are always ready to prey on small caravans in these coun-

tries, and that only he and his Fezzani companions knew in what direction the way should be taken towards Murzuk, for although we searched about in all directions we could find no issue from the wadi, which seemed like a track, and, when we scaled the cliffs, and looked round the horizon, we could see nothing but sandhills and desert—no palm trees or any sign of water; and I, for one, felt my heart fail me at the prospect of risking ourselves in the desert with only three camels between us. So I was persistent in my resolve to stop, even though we should eat the camels one after the other; for, firstly, we had found a bag of seed-corn among the Fezzani's goods, and this we had planted in the moist ground near the pool; and, secondly, there was always the chance that another caravan of travellers might pass by to whom we could tell some plausible tale, and whom we might follow out of the wadi.

There were also date-palms growing near our house, but these being all females, and no one having fertilised them with the pollen of the male at blossoming time, they were without fruit, and all we could do with them was to cut them down one after the other and eat their hearts and young leaves. But as three or four months had passed, we began to be in sore straits—less from the want of food, though, than from the lack of water—for the great pool, which had been formed in the middle of the wadi from the rains on the mountains, began rapidly to dry up under the hot sun, and soon there was no more water left in it; and then, to



"The great Wadan, the big animal with the mane, something of the sheep-kind . . . would come down in the night-time from the cliffs that surrounded the Wadi to . . . the pool"

* Ovis tragelaphus.
(Concluded on page 40)



DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

"Jehad! Jihad!" they cried, in a mad shriek for vengeance, "Death to the infidel! To St. Cloud! To St. Cloud! Slay, slay, every man, every woman, every child of them!"

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL

To Harold Knyvett the voyage to Algiers came as a welcome amusement. He really wanted rest; he was glad to escape from London fog and London mud, after the intense strain of the last few months, to the olives, and mulberry trees, and evergreens of the South. As the *train de luxe* from Paris rolled along in the early morning light down the wide Rhone Valley, past gardens still gay with roses and anemones, past cypress walls that guarded the tender vineyards from the cold blast of the icy mistral, past distant vistas of the snow-clad Alps, past fields where bronzed Provençal peasants toiled in the broad sunshine among luscious flowers, he was gratified at the success of his *ruse*, and delighted at the freshness and perennial beauty of the ever-glorious Mediterranean borderland. A certain indefinite exaltation of success filled all his heart. Things were going well with him. Fortune favoured. For he was on his way to Mustapha, to the very next house to Sir Arthur's villa, with the forged will buttoned safely up in his inner breast-pocket, and all in the most natural possible fashion. Even the suggestion to "Try Algiers" had not come from within. His chief recommendation had been to consult Yate-Westbury; and Yate-Westbury would be able to relate hereafter to his acquaintances the curious coincidence how this lucky young man in the Board of Trade had come to him for advice, quite by accident, about a nervous complaint—overwork and loss of memory; how he had urged him to visit the soothing climate of North Africa; and how the upshot of it all was the incidental discovery of the long-lost will, unearthed in some remote corner of Sir Arthur's villa—that will which restored the property to the rightful heir, and brought about at last the happy re-union of the Knyvett family.

For he meant to marry Iris in the long run. The estate itself was now to some extent a minor matter. He regarded it merely as a means to an end. And the end was to bring that proud girl to her knees; to compel her to marry him, willy-nilly.

He loved Iris. He would have Iris. No power in the world should keep him from Iris. The only girl on earth he had ever cared twopence about. The only girl on earth who was really worthy of him.

So he rolled along in high good humour down to Marseilles, seeing success now well in view, and went with joy on board the *Ville de Naples*, which was to carry Harold Knyvett and all his fortunes—forged will included—to the golden shores of sunny Africa.

The sole drawback to his pleasure, indeed, was that intolerable old bore of a nervous specialist, who insisted upon treating him as a critical patient—half cracked, in short—and reading him sermons on the absolute need for distracting his mind from his own absorbing personality. Harold Knyvett didn't want his mind distracted just then. He was more than distracted enough already. It was a nuisance, when you preferred to admire the blue bay and the white Provençal hills receding in the distance, to be compelled to listen to that frantic old idiot's professional drivel, and to bear in mind spasmodically from time to time the necessity for keeping up some of the most prominent symptoms. Not that the twitching of the fingers gave him much trouble by this time. Practice makes perfect. He was able to manage that part of the farce, thank goodness, without the slightest apparent effort. The state of nervous tension into which he had been thrown by the consciousness of holding the forged will concealed about his person, and by the momentous issues depending upon the success of his well-laid scheme, made a certain amount of uneasy fingering, indeed, perfectly natural to him. You can simulate nervousness readily enough—when you really feel it; the difficulty would have been, in Harold's condition, to simulate the calm of uneventful existence.

"What you have most to guard against," Dr. Yate-Westbury remarked once in a confidential undertone, as they paced the deck together, cigar in mouth, "is too exclusive a concentration of mind and thought upon your own personality and your own interests. You live too much in yourself, my dear sir; that's what's the matter with you. Your brain's wrapped up in private schemes and designs and ideas; I can see them whirling and circling in your head. You ought to be married, and enlarge your sphere; a wife and children would drive all that sort of thing promptly out of you."

Harold laughed in his sleeve to think how curiously the mad doctor had put his finger by accident upon the very point. *Rem acu tetigit*. His mind was indeed wrapped up in private schemes and designs and ideas. He stroked his breast pocket stealthily with his hand outside. It was safe, quite safe, that precious document! He could feel it rustle under the coat as he pressed. His private schemes and designs and ideas, indeed! Ah, yes, but they all led on by a direct route to that very marriage which the doctor counselled. A wife and children! Ho, ho; the humour of it! Well—a wife, if you like; a wife's all right enough; but as for the children, why Harold was strongly inclined to say about them, "Le Roy s'aviserà." He didn't want a parcel of noisy brats running about the place—the mansion of his fancy. All he wanted was a peaceful interchange of ideas in spacious grounds with such a girl as Iris—a pleasant companion laid on, as it were, like the gas, and the water,

and the electric bells, and ready at any moment to amuse and divert him with her chatty conversation, and her tender playfulness.

"The great error of the nervous constitution," the specialist went on, puffing away reflectively at one of Harold's very best Fortuna di Cubas, "is, not to put too fine a point upon it, selfishness. My system of cure consists entirely in such a course of rational treatment as will succeed in taking the patient fairly out of himself. The narrow circle of one's own interests leads at last to nervous disintegration. People should avoid being too self-centred. That way, as Shakespeare says, madness lies. One's got strenuously to fight against it, or else to succumb to it. Have you read my book on Mental Disease? You know the theory I there lay down on the origin of insanity?"

The subject was intensely distasteful just then to Harold. "No, I haven't," he answered, with some asperity. "I avoid all books on the brain on principle."

"Well, my theory is," Yate-Westbury went on with professional zeal, disregarding his tone, "that insanity's not a malady of the intellect at all, as most people imagine: it's a malady of the social and moral nature. A man who lives a healthy, varied, natural life—who mixes freely with his fellow men—who troubles himself much about their welfare and their happiness—who reads and thinks and works and plays—who vividly represents to himself the feelings and wishes and ideas of others—such a man as that, now, never goes mad. He has no temptation. His surroundings are too sane and his interests too numerous. A family, friends, public duties, society—all those are safeguards against the insane tendency. Literature, science, art, politics—the wider your world, the less your chance of nervous derangement. But the fellow who lives a purely selfish, concentrated life—the bachelor who takes his ease all day long at his club—the man of means who finds society and family ties a bore, whose social instincts are inefficiently awakened, whose public spirit is dormant or non-existent—those are the people, if you look around, who go mad easily. They take to hobbies, or else to monomanias. Some pet design or some favourite scheme, most often purely personal, absorbs their energies. If it succeeds, they go mad with delight; if it fails, they go mad, *per contra*, with disappointment."

Harold's fingers toyed unconsciously with the top button of his tweed tourist suit. The precious paper rustled melodiously underneath. The sound was like muffled music in his ears.

"You think so?" he said, half-stifling a yawn. "You think insanity depends upon self-concentration?"

"Think so!" Yate-Westbury echoed, with a touch of contempt in the intonation of his voice. "Think so! My dear sir, I don't

think so; I know it. I've studied the question. The proof's just this. You must have met madmen over and over again in asylums."

"I don't visit asylums," Harold interposed, drily. "Still, you must have met madmen, anyhow," the doctor went on, warming up to his subject, "who thought they were rich, who thought they were poor, who thought they were Napoleon, who thought they were the rightful heir to the Crown, who thought they were the authors of 'Paradise Lost,' who thought they were persecuted by wicked relations, who thought they were the Czar or the Prophet Mahomet. But you never met a madman anywhere who thought *somebody else* had come into a fortune, *somebody else* was the Khan of Tartary, *somebody else* was followed and annoyed, *somebody else* was the ill-used inheritor of the Throne of England. Self, self, self, self. All insane people have but one cry: *I am this, I am that, I am the other.* Its *I, I, I,* whatever they say. They forget their children, their wives, their friends, their enemies; but they never for a single moment forget their own delusion or their own pet grievance."

Harold moved away restlessly, with a moody air, towards the side of the ship. This talk annoyed him. He didn't want to be bored by abstract discussions about the habits and manners and natural history of the insane, when he was going to Algiers to prove his title to a splendid estate, and to compel his cousin Iris to marry him! He was full of himself, and resented boredom. A man can't be worried with rubbish like that while all his soul brims over, seething with one great design, on whose success or failure he has staked his whole future fate and happiness. One picture alone now usurped his brain and monopolised consciousness; the picture of himself, rummaging drawers at the villa at Sidi Aia, and engaged in discovering Sir Arthur's will—the forged one, of course; but that was a detail—in some hidden corner of his uncle's escritoire.

And then to be obliged to listen respectfully to that old image droning, droning, droning on—"the great thing to avoid is intense preoccupation with one's own affairs; too profound an entanglement in any private or personal piece of business. To people of the selfish or self-centred type, such preoccupation is frequently next door to fatal. It drives them at last by slow degrees into acute dementia."

Good heavens! Would the man never cease his chatter? Gabble, gabble, gabble the whole day long! And Sir Arthur's will nestling all the time in his safe breast-pocket! Preoccupation, indeed! Who could help being preoccupied? Sir Arthur's fortune, and Iris Knyvett!

CHAPTER XXXII.

"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS!"

UP in the mountains, meanwhile, strange things were taking place among those idyllic Kabyles. But neither Le Marchant nor Blake nor Meriem knew as yet anything about them.

It was a chilly evening of the Algerian winter.

The naturalist was sitting at home, somewhat shivering in the tent, trying on a complete new suit of woollen Kabyle costume which he had bought as a curiosity at a neighbouring market to take home to England. Vernon Blake was dining out by special invitation at the Fort at St. Cloud, where Iris and he were conversing unimpaired with much animation under Uncle Tom's very nose—so unsuspicious is age when once its views are firmly hardened. And Meriem was seated on the hard mud floor in her own room at the Amine's cottage, thinking in her poor lonely soul how much better it would have been for her if those two flaring meteors of Englishmen had never darted with their disturbing influence across her peaceful, old-fashioned Kabyle horizon.

But on the hillside without a very different scene might have presented itself to her eyes, had she happened to look forth towards the village platform from her narrow mud window. For there, under the open sky, and in the broad moonlight, the men of the Beni-Merzoug were assembled together in the ancient fashion under all arms, and in their midst the eldest of the marabouts stood erect, with flashing eyes, and stretched his bare arms heavenwards in awful prayer before the eager eyes of the whole assembly.

"Hush!" the Amine cried, with a commanding voice, as the marabout beckoned with one hand for silence. "The servant of Allah will speak over the chosen youths—the youths who go forth, like their fathers of old, for the defence of their fatherland against the infidel and the oppressor."

A great stillness fell at his words upon the entire meeting. The buzz and hum of voices ceased at once to thrill, and the men dropped down at the signal on their bended knees before the glowing face of the inspired marabout. Incense rose in fumes from a brazier in the midst—the poisonous, intoxicating incense of haschisch.

The marabout spread out both arms slowly over their heads. "The blessing of Allah," he cried aloud, "of Allah, the All-wise, the All-merciful, be with you."

"So be it," the young men responded, solemnly.

"Friends," the marabout began, once more, as they knelt and bent their heads in a serried body, "you know well the crisis, and the custom of the Kabyles. It was the way of our fathers, when hordes like locusts invaded their land, to call upon the chosen young men of the tribes to band themselves together by solemn oath into a sacred legion. The more forlorn the hope, the greater their courage; for the sons of the Kabyles shrink not from self-sacrifice. It is your duty, too, in like manner to sacrifice your lives to-day for your country. To that end we have proclaimed a Sacred War, when Islam shall rise in all its might against the power of the Infidel. In such a war, there is no going back. It is as when the lion rushes upon the spears. You will take the oath before the face of Allah. The prayers for the dead shall be read over you all, for you go to your death, and you come not back, except upon trestles, or else with victory. Those who die in this conflict shall be buried apart, in the cemetery of the saints, in the field of glory; and each man among them, dying for the Faith, shall be reckoned as a saint and counted a Sidi. Prayers shall be offered for ever at his tomb, and the blessing of Allah shall rest upon it always. But if any of you escape with loss of honour from the field, his corpse shall rot like a camel's in the desert. He, and all his kindred, shall be held for ever in utter contempt by all the Faithful as dogs and outcasts."

The young men bowed their foreheads to the ground with one accord, and with military precision. "We accept," they answered, "we go, for Allah!" and with their faces turned one way towards Mecca, they prayed silently for a few minutes.

"You swear," the marabout said again—as they rose from the ground—holding out in his hand a roll of the Koran, "you swear by this sacred book, which came from Mecca, and by the holy tomb of our Lord of Kerouan, the companion of the Prophet, to wage a Jihad to the death against all the infidels, and never to return from the field of battle save dead or victorious."

"We swear," the young men answered solemnly, with uplifted hands.

"Let a Taleb come forward," the marabout said, stretching his bare arms once more heavenward.

Hadji Daoud ben Marabet staggered slowly forward, and took the roll from the marabout's hands in his trembling fingers. Unfolding it spasmodically, and with due deliberation, the toothless old man came at last in his search to the fourteenth chapter, which enjoins on the Faithful the duty of exterminating the infidels everywhere. Bending over the book, he read those terrible lines aloud

in their sonorous Arabic with that peculiar droning, sing-song voice which lends so much mystery and solemnity of tone to Mahomedan ceremonial. His words thrilled them. Every curse told home separately. The men, it was clear, were deeply stirred. They clasped their short Kabyle knives with desperate resolution in their trembling fingers, and waited impatiently for the signal to march upon their deadly errand.

The voice of the reader wavered at last upon the awful closing sentence, "Neither man nor woman, lord nor servant, old age nor infancy: spare none, but slay; spill their blood on the ground; let the infidels perish utterly from the earth, saith Allah."

A deep murmur of Amens ran like a shudder through that heaving crowd. Hadji Daoud sank back, exhausted, into the ring. Then the marabout stepped forth once more, with his wild locks tossed shaggily over his bronzed forehead, and in a loud voice, with foaming mouth, began to recite in solemn tones the prayers for the dead over the chosen youths, pointing with his finger to their bodies while he spoke, as though each of them lay already on his bier in an open grave spread out before him.

The effect was electric, overwhelming, irresistible. The old men, standing round, sobbed aloud over the heads of their doomed sons. The young men, kneeling in front, felt the tears trickle slowly down their hot cheeks. The marabout himself faltered once or twice with a choking voice, and then went on again, sustained, as it seemed, in his holy task by some direct inspiration of his blood-thirsty deity. His features were deadly pale and convulsed, and his limbs were working as though drawn by wires. At the close of the prayers, all rose once more in their long white robes, and the marabout cried aloud, in a more martial tone, "You have heard your duty! Go now and perform it! The Beni-Yenni and the Aith Menguellath are marching on St. Cloud. March you, too, direct, and surprise the infidels in their beds as they sleep. Slay, slay, slay—men, women and children. Let not one single Christian escape with his life. French, English, or Spaniard, slay all alike; but above all, slay *her*, the enemy of your race, the high-heeled woman! Avenge on her, and all beneath her roof, the bones of the blessed Sheikh el-Haddad the Blacksmith! Avenge on her the bones of Si Mohammad Said with the Two Tombs, whose holy remains she cast out on the field to be defiled by dogs and vultures and jackals!"

With a loud unearthly shout, the whole vast body, seizing rifles and swords, put itself tumultuously and fiercely under way. Religious frenzy and the fumes from the brazier had driven the men mad. Their lips were blue; their eyes started from their sockets; great drops of sweat poured down their pale and haggard faces. "Jehad! Jehad!" they cried, in a mad shriek for vengeance. "Death to the infidel! To St. Cloud! To St. Cloud! Slay, slay, every man, every woman, every child of them!"

The musicians in front beat upon their drums, and twanged aloud their tortoise-shell lyres. The wild discordant music of the tom-toms and castanets seemed to intensify and inflame their fury. "To St. Cloud!" the marabout shouted, at the top of his voice, in fierce tones, his hair now flying loose on the breeze behind, his eyes blood-shot, and his mouth foaming. He waved his bare arms wildly around him. "Slay the high-heeled woman," he shouted, "and all her house, in honour of Allah and Mahomet His Prophet; and cast forth her body for dogs to eat, as Jehu of Israel cast forth the body of Jezebel, the idolatress, before the gates of Jezreel, and as Omar the Caliph cast forth the body of the accursed Roumi before the gates of Sidon."

At the word, he dragged a goat from behind into their midst. "Taste blood," he shrieked, and flung it towards them. With hideous shouts, the fanatics rushed, with hooked fingers, upon that symbolical victim, tore it limb from limb alive and bleeding, and fought with one another like wild beasts for the quivering morsels, more after the fashion of ravenous wolves than of human beings. Their faces and hands reeked with blood. "Now, on to St. Cloud," the marabout yelled out, tearing a live snake and devouring it before their eyes.

"Jehad! Jehad!" the crowd shouted aloud, in response, with savage tumult. "Slay, slay, the voice of Allah proclaims it! A Holy War! Death, death to the infidels." And, drunk with blood and haschisch, they dashed madly onward.

Meriem in her own room, sitting still on the floor, heard with surprise the tramp of feet and the mingled noise of many voices, and rushed to her window, breathless, to learn the meaning of it. As she did so, she just caught the last echoes of those shrill cries, "Jehad! Jehad! Slay the high-heeled woman and all her house! A Holy War! Death, death to the infidels!"

In a moment her reeling brain took it all in. She guessed what it meant. She understood instinctively. Her quick wit realised the truth at once in all its hideous implications. They were going to St. Cloud to murder the Europeans! And amongst them they would murder Iris and Vernon!

At the sound, Islam died out within her.

For to Meriem, a Jihad was no idle word. She had heard awful tales on the village platform, many a summer evening, of the great uprising of 1870. She had heard from the mouths of the actors themselves how the religious fanatics of that troublous time had massacred, in hot blood, the entire population of Palestro; had carried off into slavery the women and children of the European villages scattered throughout Kabylie; had burnt to the ground every farmhouse, church, and oil-mill in the mountains; had besieged Bougie and invested Djidjelly; had spread fire and slaughter far and wide through the land, from the valley at Tizi-Ouzou to the eagle's nest of French soldiers perched on the precipitous heights of the Fort National. She knew that when the fierce and fiery Kabyle blood is up, neither childing mother nor speechless babe will be spared from the slaughter by their indiscriminate fury. She knew that her countrymen would fall upon St. Cloud like wolves upon a sheep-fold, and rend Iris and Vernon to pieces like vultures in their fanatic madness.

A Holy War! A campaign against the infidels! Vernon and Iris—her dearest on earth! In that decisive moment the faith of her childhood went down like water before her instinctive feelings. At all hazards, she must save the lives of the Christians!

There was but one thing to do: to make at once, with all speed, for the valley at Tizi-Ouzou. It was too late now to warn the garrison at St. Cloud. She saw her countrymen were well on the road to the Fort already, and she could never hope to pass them by undetected, even if her feet were fleet enough and strong enough to overtake them and outrun them. But the garrison, though surprised, might hold out till morning. She had heard of the iron wires that carry news with lightning speed for the infidel—of the iron-horse that drags his carriages like clouds before the sirocco. If she could but reach Tizi-Ouzou and warn the French there to telegraph to Algiers, help might yet arrive in time to save them. To save Iris! to save Vernon! The Kabyle within her was forgotten altogether in her burning desire to protect from death those two she had learned to love so dearly. Traitor as she might be to her own people, she had but one thought—to save Iris and Vernon!

She lifted the latch of the rude door, and stole out unperceived to the entrance of the tent, where Eustace stood within, in the Kabyle dress he had just been trying on, and which transformed him at once into a perfect native. Meriem started to see him, but had no time for comments. "Eustace," she cried, in haste, snatching up a flask that lay upon the box, "they've made a Jihad—a sacred war. My people have risen. It's death to the infidels.

They're marching on St. Cloud to kill the Christians. The whole village together has turned out in arms. I saw them myself—the marabout at their head! They mean to kill every soul in the Fort! What can we do—to save Iris and Vernon?"

In her startled face Eustace read the whole truth instinctively at once. He knew the impetuous Moslem nature too well to doubt that Meriem was right in her strange story. "We must go on and warn them!" he cried in answer, hurriedly.

"Too late!" Meriem sobbed out. "No chance for that! They're on the road already. Our people have started. I saw them go. There's no other way down. We could never get past them."

"Can they telegraph to Tizi-Ouzou?" Eustace asked in haste. "If reinforcements could come, they might hold out for a day or so."

Meriem shook her head despondently. "My people would be sure to cut the wire," she answered, in agony. "They know all that. It crosses the path. Even I, who am only a girl, had heard of it."

"Then there's nothing for it but to tramp to Tizi-Ouzou," Eustace answered at once, with prompt decision. "Our only hope lies in rousing the authorities there; they might telegraph on for help to Algiers and Fort National. Come on, Meriem. There's not a moment to lose. Come with me, and tell them when you get there what you've seen. We might ride, perhaps. There are mules outside. Let's seize them, and run down at once to Tizi-Ouzou."

So, quick as thought, going forth from the tent, in his Kabyle dress unchanged as he stood (it was safer so), he caught the first two mules he could find in the field, and slipping on a bridle in breathless haste mounted one of them himself to descend the mountain. Meriem, without one word, held and mounted the other. And in such strange guise did those two set off through the moonlight, alone, to rouse the unconscious settlers of Tizi-Ouzou to a sense of the danger that threatened the colony.

(To be continued)



No more useful book could be put in the hands of young people thinking of a future career in some English land than one which had but recently appeared with an introduction by that popular writer, the Professor of Latin in University College, London, Mr. Alfred J. Church, M.A. It is entitled "Making a Start in Canada" (Seeley and Co.), and consists of letters from two young emigrants, the sons of Mr. Church. They had been educated in the ordinary way at a Grammar School, and, for a short time before their departure, at University College, London. They were aged respectively eighteen years one month and sixteen years nine months, and were both strong and well-grown. Professor Church mentions these facts, because many lads at the age of the younger of the two are quite unfit for the work which, as will be seen, fell upon them. He gives, in detail, the items of their outfit. He tells us something of their practical accomplishments. They learnt at home some simple operations in cooking; for instance, how to make a suet pudding, and to boil potatoes. They received instruction from a shoemaker, and under his supervision heeled, soled, and patched boots. They also learned how to mend a rent in a coat, and to darn a hole in a stocking. They appear however to have lost much by missing what they might easily have got—some practical instruction in fariery; and attendance at the classes of a Veterinary College would have been useful to them. Professor Church mentions that the total cost of outfit, voyage, and maintenance of the two lads for the first year, also of taking up and stocking land has been less than 500*l.* and that, in his opinion it may be done for a much smaller sum. The letters are written with brightness, and a happy facility for bringing home the salient characteristics of a novel life. "Making a Start in Canada" will be to many young men much "more interesting than a novel." The young Churches, too, seem to be of the stuff out of which successful men are made.

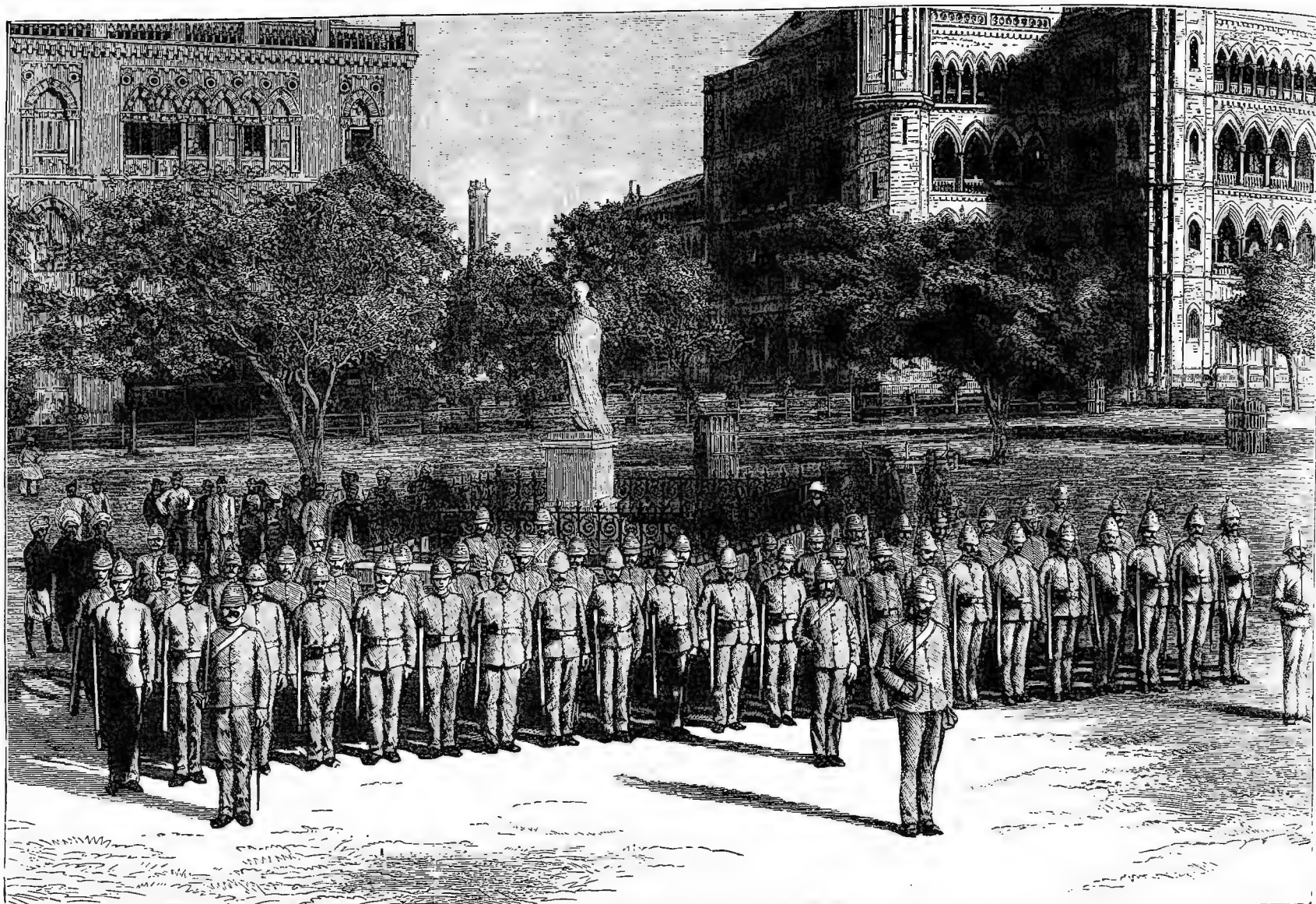
A valuable survey of the remoter past is "The History of Ancient Civilisation" (Chapman and Hall), edited by the Rev. J. Verschoyle, M.A. It is a Handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire De La Civilisation." As the editor points out, the civilisation of Greece, which was the outcome of individual thought, whether embodied in literature, art, or life; and the civilisation of Rome, which was the outcome of corporate action, whether embodied in conquest, organisation, or administration, are most fully understood in their influence on the development of mankind when viewed side by side with the earlier civilisations of the East. Such a handbook as this is admirably aids its readers in forming such a comprehensive view. It is not a mere translation of M. Ducoudray's work; but is throughout revised so as to bring it into complete harmony with the conclusions of the best authorities. The peoples whose religions, civilisations, and monuments come within the scope of the work are the Egyptians, the Babylonians, Assyrians, Jews, Phœnicians, Aryans, Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. "The History of Ancient Civilisation" is admirably lucid, and is an historical manual which will not wait long, we conceive, for wide and general appreciation from students of the past of human affairs.

"What Must I Do to Get Well? And How Can I Keep So?" (Sampson Low) should find readers if titles go for aught, especially when the title-page also informs us that it is written by "One who has done it." At any rate it has received the honours of a second edition, which is a proof that what is known as the Salisbury Treatment is obtaining many votaries. The main points in it are the taking of four pints of hot water a day, and the restriction of the diet for a time to minced beef only, and it is important not to miss a drop of each pint. The author, however, occasionally takes two pints, and feels all the better for it.

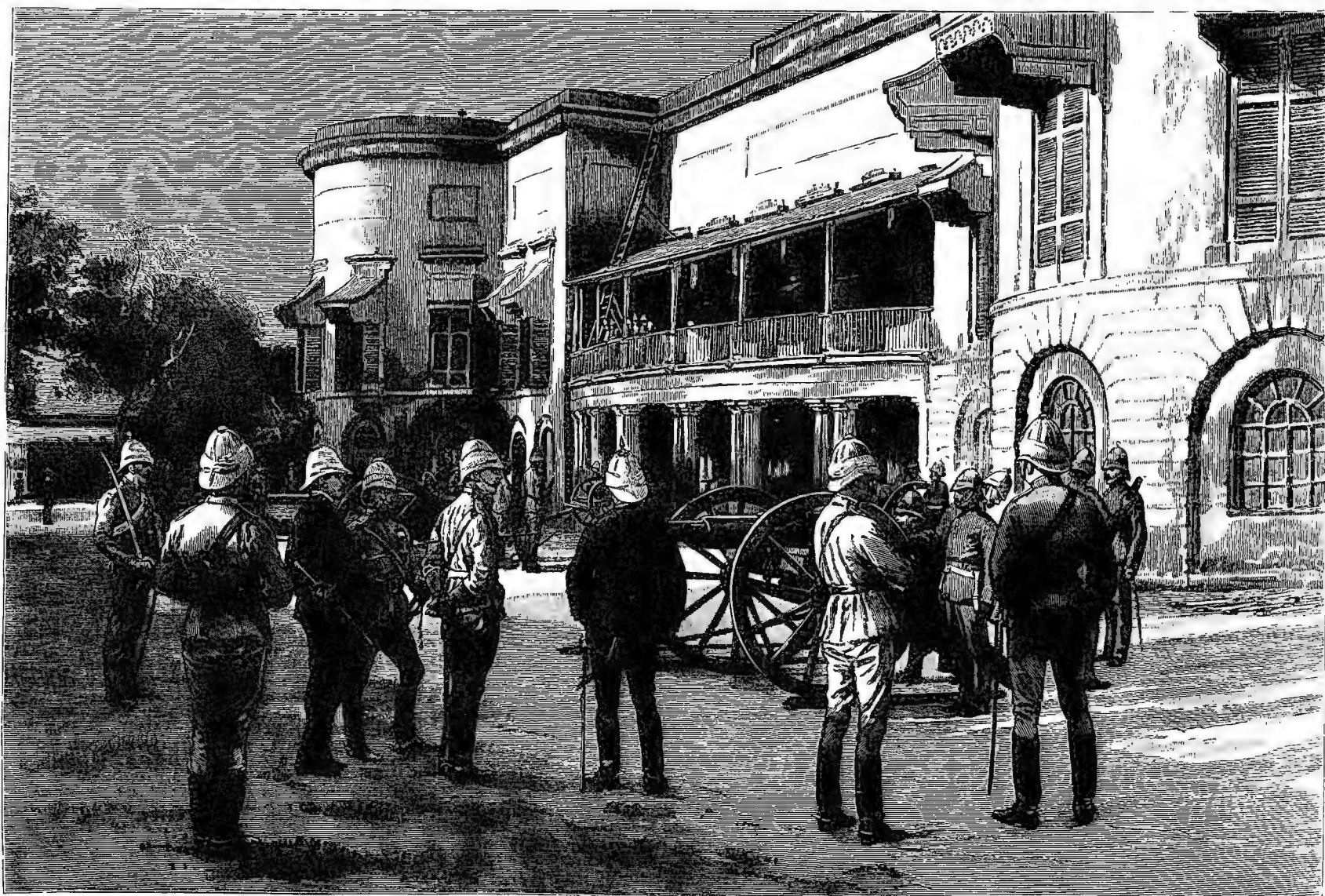
There are few of us who would care of choice to visit the malarial pest-ridden coasts that lie between Whydah and St. Paul de Loanda. We are well pleased to have our knowledge at second-hand from those whom duty or necessity takes to the West African sea-shore. We are disposed, therefore, to a cordial reception of "Glimpses of Feverland" (Sampson Low), by Mr. Archer P. Crouch, B.A. (Oxon.). This gentleman went out to what he calls "the land of fever, palm oil, and black ivory," in connection with the laying of a cable to put certain places, principally French and Portuguese, in telegraphic communication with Europe. A statement made here confirms a very prevalent impression that what there is of African Coast civilisation is but skin deep. "Oko Jumbo was once asked how it was he did not eat so many prisoners as he used to. He replied with shrewd candour, to the effect that a good meal was all very well in its way; but its charms were transient, whereas the money obtained by selling the captives procured many articles of European luxury and comfort, which would prove a more lasting source of gratification to the purchaser." The work is made variously interesting, with a good deal of personal incident. Those who have read with pleasure the author's previous book "On a Surf-Bound Coast," will be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of obtaining "Glimpses of Feverland."

Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, M.A., who was formerly fellow of University College, Oxford, has done good service to the cause of political knowledge in supervising the translation from the German of Dr. A. Schäffle's "The Quintessence of Socialism" (Swan

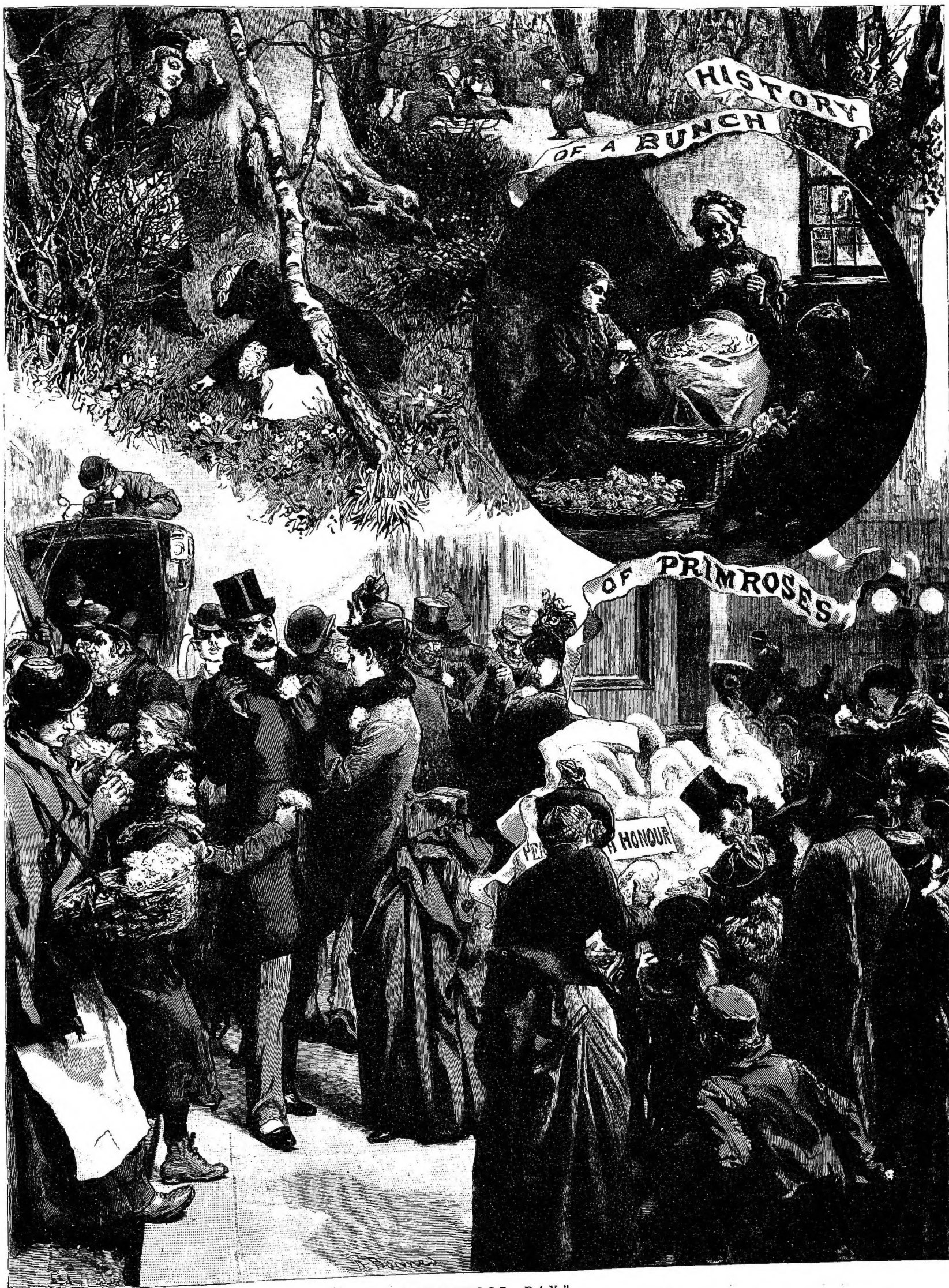
It lies before me. It is a comedy of modern life ; at least it was so fifteen years ago when I wrote it, but I am bound to acknowledge that modern life may have developed a little since. I have done my very best, however, to keep it up to date, for once a year, on my annual holiday, I have made a point of freshening it up. For instance, I see that I have diminished my heroine gradually from crinoline to an eel-skin costume, and then enlarged her again as far as a *strapontin*. I also see that the original word "swell" has been erased for "masher," and that for "Johnnie," and that again for "dude;" and my comic man, who first spoke of "soaking," afterwards spoke of "lushing," and now speaks of "smiling." My piece has also, at the suggestion of various friends of dramatic taste, undergone a few changes since it was written. One friend, who is in a bank, and is a great playgoer, thought it would be very unnatural, and would not take at all with the public, for my villain to be a bank manager, so I altered him at his persuasion to a stock-broker. At the suggestion of another friend, an amateur actor himself, who found that the interest was "not nicely balanced," I inserted a semi-tragic underplot between the footman and lady's maid, who before had merely to trip on. A lady friend it was who considered my heroine "not thrown up quite enough," and on her advice I gave her two more unsuccessful suitors, and another lady to "cut out," though they rather burdened the cast. Then at the earnest entreaty of another friend, who had once written a play himself, and knew all about it, and who said he did not like my climax, I suppressed the original third act altogether, and wrote a new first act, showing all the characters two years younger, excepting, of course the baby, at the sight of whom the villain repents at the end. With all these improvements, I must say I think my comedy is now about perfect, and this opinion has been amply corroborated from independent sources. I find, for I kept a private note of such things, that seventy-nine friends altogether have either read it, or



THE NEW BATTERY OF VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY FALLING IN FOR INSPECTION BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S FIRST INSPECTION OF THE NEW BATTERY OF VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY
THE DEFENCES OF THE EMPIRE—VOLUNTEERING IN BOMBAY



"PRIMROSE DAY"
THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, APRIL 19, 1881

heard me read it, principally the latter; that thirty-three have pronounced it "quite equal to Sheridan," ten have thought it "as good as Byron any day," three have exclaimed "How superior to the ridiculous French adaptations!" fifteen have been "Sure that any London manager would take it at once," and the rest have said it was "Decidedly fine."

My play is, however, still unacted, but not from any want of perseverance on my part. It has been seen by at least thirteen managers at one time or another, who have to a man regretted that they had not any opening just then for it; to say nothing of the twenty-five copies of it I have sent to other managers, and heard nothing more about. It is said that every man gets his chance, and I cannot deny that I had mine, and lost it; and I will briefly relate the circumstances, as a warning to other dailiers with the flood-tide of fortune.

This occurred about two years ago. I had been introduced to a real responsible manager, one Mr. Derry Downie, a gentleman who had a company with which he travelled the provinces; and I had been told that if I "stuck to him close," something would come of it. He was in London, getting ready for a tour, and I stuck to him close, every day. I got to know where to find him in the Strand in the afternoon, and I artfully used to meet him there casually. He was not at all a stiff or haughty man, and he allowed me to join his strolls with great condescension. His strolls were generally taken to meet his friends, who were all to be heard of at different bars. After looking in at a dozen or two of bars, he frequently so far softened as to accept an invitation to dine at a restaurant. When I had stuck close to him for a week, I made bold to introduce my play, because I felt that if I stuck so close to him for much longer I should get *delirium tremens*. He did not promise to read it; he did better: he allowed me to read it to him, and dined at my rooms for the occasion. We stuck so close together that evening that I had to send him home in a cab. But the business was done, for he grasped my hand at parting, and assured me that the play would be on the boards in less than a month.

He started on tour next day, and I heard from him from Leicester, praying me to send him the MS. with all despatch. I could not trust the post, I went with it myself; and at Leicester from Saturday night to Monday morning we stuck close together than ever. Another fortnight passed, when he wrote to me from Nottingham to say that the rôles were distributed; but he added that his company was rather mutinous, as he had been unable to pay them their full salary last week, and if I could oblige him with a loan of 20*l.* it would bind him to me for ever.

I had not expected to have to stick to him quite so close as that; however, I felt that 20*l.* should not stand between me and fame and fortune, so I took that sum down to him at Nottingham, where I received a warm welcome, not only from him, but from the ladies and gentlemen who were to play my piece. My next news from Mr. Downie came three weeks later, from Bolton, in Lancashire. He told me that the comedy was actually in rehearsal, and begged me to come down and give my valuable assistance, and said that if I could make the 20*l.* into 50*l.* it could be produced without fail before an enlightened Preston audience next week. It was on a Monday morning that I received the letter, but I could not leave town till the Thursday, and when I got to the railway station to depart, whom should I meet coming out but Downie himself! He was very sorry, he said, but it was "all up." His company had struck altogether the day before, as bad business had compelled him to postpone his "treasury;" if I had come down on the Tuesday with the 30*l.* it would have been all right, and my comedy would by this time have been billed all over Preston! Here was a disappointment, but it was no use cursing my ill-luck. So, at all events, Downie told me, adding that he would still take the 30*l.* and we should see what we should see in about a month's time. I do not know what he saw then; what I saw was an announcement in a theatrical paper that Mr. Downie's celebrated "Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Farce Company" had just started on tour to Fiji. That is the nearest my play ever got to production. If I had been quicker with the 30*l.*, who knows what might not have been the result!

But though my play is still un-acted, I have to thank it for much experience and knowledge of the world which I should not otherwise have acquired. It has also, strange to say, been of great physical benefit to me, by causing me to walk a great many miles to "see" people.

As an incentive to seeing people, writing a play beats commercial travelling hollow. I have seen on the average fifty people per annum on this matter, and taking them on a fair average of five visits of two miles each, that gives a walk of 7,500 miles due entirely to my comedy. Then I have learned how to wait till the person you want to see is willing to see you, which is quite an art in itself. If you go to see anybody about a play, you usually have to wait, especially, I am sorry to say, if they know what you have come about. I have learned more particularly how to wait at stage doors, which are about the most awkward places to wait at possible. You send a message in that you are there, but it is a very slow poison, and does not visibly affect the internal economy of the theatre for a very long time, and perhaps not at all. Writing a play has the great moral benefit of teaching you patience. I will now wrap up my play, and deliver it myself at the Lyceum with a nice, tempting note; for it has only just occurred to me that the leading character would exactly suit Mr. Irving.

R. T. G.



OHNET'S "Ironmaster" seems likely to have almost as large a literary progeny as "Jane Eyre." Beatrice Whitby's "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is one of those now well-nigh countless novels having for their central situation a husband and wife who marry upon insufficient love, and, after having passed through an unreasonable number of misunderstandings, suddenly discover that what seemed to be the development of antipathy has really been the growth of mutual love in disguise. It is odd that so very unnatural a state of things—for most real people are exceedingly clear-sighted in such matters, even if muddle-headed enough in others—should be so popular in fiction; but so it is, and Beatrice Whitby has presented her view of the situation with a fair amount of success. It is true that she seems to be struggling throughout with a certain consciousness that her story is deficient in action, falling back upon an attempted burglary, less because the plot requires it than because, required or not, it is some sort of incident. And it is unfortunately true that she has done worse—she has killed an interesting and sympathetic little child without the faintest occasion, unless for the sake of getting paths out of a scene which has served its purpose about a thousand times too often.

Is it needful to say more of "Long Odds" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) than that it is by Hawley Smart? Or that, being by Hawley Smart, it almost makes up in liveliness what it lacks in grammar? The liveliness is certainly wanted, for the grammar is, if possible, worse than ever, and appears to be modelled upon the most slipshod dialect of Journalaese—an effect intensified by Mr. Smart's indulgence in passages which seem to have strayed out of very provincial leading articles during the tragedy of Khartoum.

The central interest clings round a Derby favourite named Damocles, and, so far as the first two volumes are concerned, the attempts of an Earl who is half knave, half fool, and wholly cad, to buy the horse from a retired linendraper for about a tenth of its value. Somehow the Turf has but little cause for gratitude to the novelists who take it seriously—they always contrive to give the impression, who take it falsely, of course, that it is impossible to take an interest in a horse and to be at the same time gentleman or lady: as impossible as for a sporting writer not to call a smoking-room "a Temple of Nicotine." Still, it is much to be lively; and Mr. Smart is certainly that, so long as he is not commenting on the Soudanese war.

"A novel," quotes Gillan Vase from Göthe, "is a subjective epopee," the question being "Has he (the author) a fashion? The rest will attend to itself." This is rather a reckless sort of motto for Gillan Vase's own subjective epopee, "Through Love to Life" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.). Gillan Vase has certainly a fashion: but if the rest had properly attended to itself, we should have been spared the trouble of its consideration. Neither should we have yawned through the polyglot and melodramatic maunderings of crazy Prince Pöbeldowski, or have been lost in the genealogical complications of the Smith family. In short—pace Göthe, whose sense of humour was apt to display itself in intentionally meaningless profundities—the question concerning a novelist is not "Has he a fashion?" but has he a motive; is he a bore; has he a modicum of literary skill? Probably Göthe took motive, skill, and ability to entertain for granted; in which case Gillan Vase has taken a rather mean advantage of his oracular utterance concerning subjective epopees. One volume of Prince Pöbeldowski and his fellow *dramatis personæ* might have passed for a mystification *à la Göthe*; but three can only be dismissed as a subjective epopee of a fashion with which we heartily trust never to meet again. It is pretentious boredom, absolute and unredeemed.

Why did Percy, when dying, give his friend Jack a locket on condition that he—then an unengaged man—should not open it before his wedding-day? One would really like to know the meaning of a request so apparently meaningless; and this is what Gillham Thomsett, in "A Sacred Trust: a Story of Military Life" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), does not tell. Nor does Gillham Thomsett tell why, when Jack does become happily engaged to Irene, and does open the locket an hour before the wedding, he brutally jilts her on finding it to contain her portrait as having been affianced to the dead Percy; nor what was the sacred trust; nor why anybody does anything. The author, in a preface, petitions against severe treatment of this his first novel—which suggests a further question as to whether he seriously contemplates the perpetration of a second. If he does, he must remember that mercy is not a matter that can be asked for twice over.

"The Marl-pit Mystery" (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.) is a remarkably excellent translation of one of Georges Ohnet's least interesting novels. English readers will, however, find it curious as a further illustration of the vulgar, bitter, and narrow side of French provincial life, as well as of the marvels of criminal procedure *à la Française*. The story is based upon one of those familiar feuds between a decayed nobleman and a tradesman whose life-purpose is personal vengeance for an old injury, and tells how the feud was conquered in the usual way, complicated, however, with the commission, by a village idiot, of a singularly revolting murder. The novel is anything but agreeable in its English dress, which, however, has done for the original everything that translation can do. The portraiture is grotesque rather than impressive or amusing.

The History of a Slave

(Concluded from page 424)

awhile, we began digging holes in the sand to reach the water, which sank ever lower and lower. And as the water became harder to reach, and more and more precious, so bitter quarrels arose among us for its possession, and we fought for each water-hole; and, although I tried to keep order amongst the people, we were all mad with thirst and longing to drink; and, in these fights, one after the other was slain, and all the women except my wife died from want of water, for the men were greedy of what little water they brought up from the water-holes, and would give none to their wives, though with my wife I always shared what little I could get. At last matters got to such a strait that I said to those men that would listen to me—

"Rather than wait here till every drop of water is gone, let us start this night as soon as the sun is down, and it is cool, and walk over the Desert as fast as we can towards the west, so that we may perchance alight upon the last place we camped at before we reached this spot, where we may find water or meet travellers, and better were it even that the Tawarek should catch us, and hold us as slaves, than that we should die of thirst, or kill one another."

Most of them agreed that there was sense in these words, so we hastily threshed some of the corn which was ripe, and carrying a store of food and our guns, and such things as we could readily carry about our persons, we set out and walked as fast as we could, for the thirst that tormented us; but whether it was that in the darkness we could not find the traces of our former route, or whether the winds of the Desert had covered them over with sand, I do not know, but in the morning we could not tell what place we were in, or recognise any of our surroundings, and there was no trace of water anywhere. Our mouths were so parched that we could hardly speak.

When I dragged myself to the summit of one of the sandhills I could only recognise one feature in the country round me, and that was the great cliffs of the wadi, which we had left the evening before. And now we were in a sorry case, we knew not what to do. The heat of the day was so great that the sand seemed to burn us, and made our thirst ten times more dreadful, and some of the men were struck down by the way with thirst, and the heat of the sun, and when we saw they were likely to die, we, who still had strength to move, threw ourselves on them, and cut their throats, and then sucked greedily such blood as flowed from them.

In such a manner very few of us kept ourselves alive, and were able to walk a short distance, lying down every now and then to rest in the shade of such rocks as could protect us from the sun, and by nightfall we had arrived at the base of a small hill, where there were growing a few talha-trees. The dew that night was heavy, and in some places, where the rocks were smooth and free from sand, it lay almost as if rain had fallen, and here we obtained some relief by passing our tongues over the wet rock. Having moistened our mouths, we procured a little corn and swallowed it. When it was morning, we saw some Dum palms far away, growing in a little hollow. Our hearts were gladdened by this sight, because we knew it to be a sign that water should be there, and so we set out in that direction.

Now every day since we had left the wadi, where we had lived several months, when the day was at its hottest we would oft-times see in the distance before us what appeared as great lakes of water, with palm-trees on their shores. This is some trick that the Jann of the desert play on such men as are lost in those regions, for it is only a deception, as I have already told you. The further and further one walks after these lakes, the more they recede, until when the sun sinks, they vanish altogether.

The falseness of these seeming lakes and groves was known to us, and we never diverted our steps to reach them; but on this morning, when we set out to reach the Dum palms, my wife was distraught in her head, and as the day grew hot and the Jann's water began to show on the horizon, she would have it that a great lake lay before us, and, indeed, thinking she was back in her own country, she pointed to it, and called it the Tshad, imagining it to be the great sea of Bornu. In vain I reasoned with her as well as my dry tongue would permit. She would pay no heed to what I said, and although we were convinced that we should find water at the Dum palms she would hear nothing of this, but set off full pelt in the opposite direction, crying out that she could see her mother and the house she used to live in. My strength was too little to enable me to follow her and bring her back by force, and she, too, after running for some distance, threw up her hands and fell down in a heap. And then the others, my companions, crying out that her death-hour was at hand, ran up and threw themselves on her and cut her throat, and greedily sucked the blood. But I, in spite of my thirst, had not the heart to join them, for even in that time of madness I remembered that she was my own wife. And after awhile a stupor came over me whilst I watched them, and I slept.

When I awoke, it was late afternoon, and there were none of my companions round me. For some time I could not remember what had happened, but when I gathered my thoughts together I got up and made my way with such speed as I might to the place where the Dum palms were growing, and here I found my companions digging at a hole in the sand, near the base of one of the palms, and the sand they were scooping out was wet, and they were dashing it in their faces, and even cramming it into their mouths. I did the same to cool my tongue. Presently the water seemed to rise up between our hands, and at the bottom of the hole we had scooped there lay a small pool of water. With this we filled our mouths, washed out all the sand, loosened our tongues, and cooled our palates, and then each in turn stooped down to the hole and drank largely of the water. When our thirst was quenched, we ate of our store of corn and lay down to sleep.

The next morning we again drank our fill from the water-hole, and were loth to quit the place after all we had suffered. Two or three days went by like this until we were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, and then we filled our gourds full of water and journeyed again westward, looking for some track we might follow.

Before we had gone half-a-day's journey we sighted a caravan, and with great joy made up to them. We found them to be Fezzani merchants travelling to Murzuk, and to them we related how our master's caravan had been attacked and dispersed by Tawarek, and that we were the sole survivors. Then the leader of the caravan took me as his slave, and distributed the rest of my companions among other big men of the caravan, telling us we should be fed and well treated if we behaved ourselves in a befitting manner.

After several days' journeying with no mishap we reached Murzuk, and here the leader of the caravan sold me to my present master Sidi Abd-al-Ghirha, who was a great man of the Senuisiya brotherhood, and a Kaid under the Turks at Murzuk. Sidi Abd-al-Ghirha set me to work in his plantations, and being pleased at my behaviour, when he resolved to leave Fezzan and settle in Tarabulus, he took me with him, for he is in favour with the Turks, and, as you know, a great man in this place. Is he not a Sherif—a descendant of the Prophet and learned in Mahommedan law? I have now been in Tarabulus perhaps six months.

This is the end of all I can relate to you of such things that have happened to me as are worthy of remembrance. I have talked too long to you to-day. Already it is time I saddled my master's baghala,* and went to meet him, for at this hour he is wont to leave the Mosque of the Olive Tree. Now if I have pleased you by all the words I have spoken, show it to me in your generosity. What is this? Six—seven—eight riyalat? Alhamdu-lillah! Nasrani kulluhum karam!

THE END.



MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—F. E. Weatherly, M.A., and J. L. Roedel have written and composed a very successful cantata, entitled "Miriam;" some portions of the libretto are taken from Holy Writ, but the greater portion is original. In the first part is illustrated the perilous beginning of the mission of Moses and the devotion of Miriam to the servant whom God has chosen. The second part depicts the triumphant close of the first great act of deliverance, and the sister's glory in the arm of her brother. We cordially commend this cantata to the attention of Choral Societies in search of simple, melodious, and attractive music which will not overtax their capabilities. One of the most pleasing solos, which will always be encored, is "They that sow in tears" (No. 12).

JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER.—A sacred cantata, specially adapted to Sunday School anniversaries and choir festivals, is "The Better Country," composed, and some portion of the words written, by T. Pollett, who is well known and highly appreciated in the North. This cantata is of the familiar type so popular for festive occasions. The introduction of simple hymns, in which the audience is invited to join, is always liked in semi-religious gatherings.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Heart to Heart," written and composed by Malcolm C. Salaman and Charles Salaman, is one of the happiest compositions of this talented father and son. It is a song for which a lasting success may be anticipated. No. III. of "The Vesper Bell Series of Organ Pieces," composed by Walter Spinney, is "Songs in the Night," a graceful melody tastefully arranged (Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—There is true devotional feeling in "My All in All," a sacred song; words by Schmolke, music by Madame St. Germaine (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—A cheerful and comical song is "The Moon Shines Bright," written and composed by E. B. Lytton and James S. Ford (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Of the same nautical type is "Kings of the Sea," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Edward S. Craston (Messrs. Reid, Brothers).—"Home Sick" is a fairly good song, the honours of which are divided between John T. Macleod, who supplied the words and air, and Santino Coppa, who composed the introduction and piano accompaniment (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—A piquant Irish song, well suited for an *enore*, is "Near the Cabin," written and composed by John Mathews (W. Paxton).—A mild little love-song is "Constancy," written and composed by J. Douglas Holms and Beatrice E. Thwaites.—A graceful *morceau* for the pianoforte is "Berceuse," by Carl Hause (G. White).—A brace of pretty after-dinner pieces for the pianoforte are "Réverie, Étude," and "Twilight Memories," by Paulus, has in Paris some short time since, "Père la Victoire," by Paulus, has been transcribed for the piano by Louis Garonne (Messrs. B. Mocatta and Co.).

* She mule.

The Universal Verdict of the Press of London.

ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN.



By SPECIAL ROYAL
and
IMPERIAL WARRANT.
EGERTON BURNETT'S
ROYAL SERGES

and other
FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.
Patterns Post Free.

For Ladies', Children's, and Gentle-
men's Dress. Unsurpassed for Beauty,
Novelty, and Sterling Value. The
Immense Variety of Patterns comprises
Specialties to suit all Climates, and all
Fashions.

For LADIES,
10½d. to 3s. 6d. per Yard.
For GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS'
WEAR,
54-inch, from 2s. 11d. per Yard.
Ditto for
INDIAN and SUMMER WEAR,
4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per Yard.

ANY LENGTH SOLD.
Carriage Paid on Orders of £1 in
value, to any Railway Station in the
United Kingdom.

**GOODS PACKED FOR
EXPORTATION.**

Address—
EGERTON BURNETT,
Woollen Warehouse,
WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

WHITEHALL REVIEW—

"St. Jacobs Oil has, it appears, received no less than six gold medals during the past year, for its wonderful efficacy to 'Conquer Pain.'"

MODERN TRUTH—

"We recommend this truly wonderful medicine—St. Jacobs Oil—to every one who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvellous cures effected by its use."

MYRA'S JOURNALS—

"When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties at St. Jacobs Oil, it is not to be wondered at that Her Majesty's troopships are not considered ready for sea until a supply is on board."

ST. STEPHEN'S REVIEW—

"It is said that a great number of London postmen would be wholly unable to perform their arduous duties were it not for that famous Remedy St. Jacobs Oil, which they apply to the muscles after a severe day's work."

WEEKLY DISPATCH—

"St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime."

EVENING NEWS—

"The cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil are simply wonderful."

SUNDAY TIMES—

"From our personal experience and inquiries St. Jacobs Oil will accomplish all that its proprietors claim for it. Its extraordinary merits are being rapidly recognised, as shown by the daily increasing demand."

COURT AND SOCIETY REVIEW—

"The remarkable cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil have become the subject of extensive comment on the part of leading newspapers."

LONDON FIGARO—

"One of our oldest subscribers writes us 'that, having suffered for more than ten years from a stiff and painful knee, he was permanently cured in less than ten minutes after the first application of St. Jacobs Oil,' and asks how we account for this—is it not almost magical?"

ENTERTAINMENT GAZETTE—

"There is no bodily pain which cannot be removed by the use of St. Jacobs Oil: it acts like magic."

PICTORIAL WORLD—

Says of St. Jacobs Oil:—"Its powers are truly wonderful; it has cured people who have been crippled from pain for over twenty years."

DETROIT FREE PRESS—

"We have no hesitation in recommending St. Jacobs Oil to all suffering from rheumatism as being a 'Conqueror of Pain.'"

CHRISTIAN MILLION—

"St. Jacobs Oil must prove of incalculable value to the army of sufferers from rheumatism and kindred ailments."

THE curative powers of St. Jacob's Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures even when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which have resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading hospitals and dispensaries of the metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board Her Majesty's troopships and the Cunard Steamship Company's Fleet. Put up in White Wrappers for human use, and in Yellow Wrappers for veterinary purposes, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, of all dealers in medicine throughout the world, or sent post free by the proprietors—**THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, 45, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.**

MADAME SCHILD'S JOURNAL OF FASHION—

"Such overwhelming testimony must place St. Jacobs Oil, in reputation, at the top of the list as an alleviator and cure for rheumatism and neuralgia."

THE SALON—

"We should most certainly say that St. Jacobs Oil is worthy of all attention; its undoubted efficacy is testified to by thousands of people."

LADY'S PICTORIAL—

"The mass of testimony in favour of St. Jacobs Oil as a 'Conqueror of Pain' is simply overwhelming."

UNITED SERVICE GAZETTE—

"There is nothing that equals St. Jacobs Oil for removing pain."

NEWS OF THE WORLD—

"The wonderful discovery of St. Jacobs Oil deserves to be made known everywhere."

EVENING STAR—

"It is a fact that St. Jacobs Oil relieves and cures rheumatism, just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens."

THE PEOPLE—

"One of the Cunard S.S. Co.'s oldest engineers, Mr. William Buchanan, has been permanently cured of severe neuralgia in the head by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, after having been given up to die by six prominent medical men in Liverpool."

REYNOLDS' NEWSPAPER—

"All speak in the highest praise of the marvellous results obtained from the use of St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application for pain."

SPORTING LIFE—

"One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil."

WHEELING—

"No cyclist should be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on his machine as a part of his equipment."

ENGLAND—

"The phenomenal success of that great remedy, St. Jacobs Oil as a 'Conqueror of Pain,' is quite the talk of the town."

BRITISH WEEKLY—

"Some really marvellous cures of rheumatism are effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH—

"There is now a remedy which does one thing thoroughly—it 'Conquers Pain,'—its name is St. Jacobs Oil."

CHRISTIAN WORLD—

"It is impossible to say too much in favour of the astonishing efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in severe cases of rheumatism."

CHRISTIAN AGE—

"The Rev. G. Duncan states that he recommends St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and neuralgia as the most effectual cure he has ever known."

HIERATICA—THE BEST MATERIAL FOR NOTE PAPER
HIERATICA—THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS
HIERATICA—Hard and Smooth Surface, delightful to write upon.
HIERATICA—For Private Correspondence, 5 quires, Note size, 1s.
HIERATICA—Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100.
HIERATICA—Thin, for Foreign correspondence, ruled, 5 quires, 1s.
HIERATICA—For Sermons, Ruled or Plain, 5 quires, 1s. 6d.
HIERATICA—Each Sheet bears the Water-mark, "Hieratica."
HIERATICA—Reject Imitations. Insist on having "Hieratica."
HIERATICA—Of all Stationers, or send stamps to
HIERATICA—HIERATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames St., London.
HIERATICA—Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

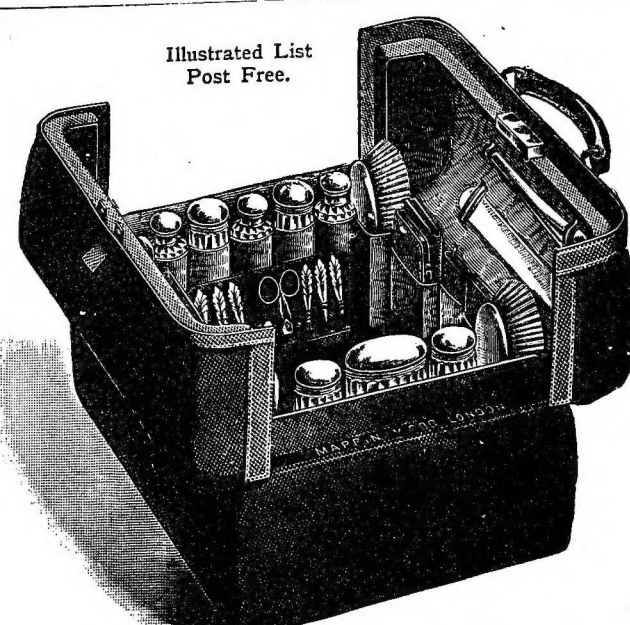
CHARMING PORTRAITS, drawn
in Crayon from Life or Photograph, 3 in. head,
nicely mounted, on card-board, 15 in. by 11 in., 10s. 6d.
post free. These drawings are lifelike in resemblance,
being exquisitely finished, and can only be compared
to fine Engravings. Tinted Crayon Water Colour, or
Oil on Canvas, 12 in. by 10 in., highly finished, £1 1s.
See Art Prospectus with Testimonials and Notices of
the Press.—**JOHN BOOL, Artist from Royal**
Academy, National Medalist, 86, Warwick Street,
Belgravia, S.W.

Allen & Hanburys'
Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/4.

LINDSAY'S
IRISH LINENS
EMBROIDERED
IRISH
LINEN DRESSES.
EMBROIDERED
FLOSS FLAX.
EQUAL TO SILK.
White and various Colours in Irish Linen Dress
Materials as cheap as Calico.
IRISH LINEN SHEETS MADE UP READY FOR USE IN
EVERY SIZE AND QUALITY.
Samples and Price Lists Post Free.
Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Sheetings, Pillow
Linens, Shirtings, Towellings, Ladies' and Gentle-
men's Cambric Handkerchiefs, Bordered and Hem-
stitched, Plain and Embroidered, the production
of their OWN MILLS, at WHOLESALE PRICES.

JAMES LINDSAY & CO., LTD.,
BELFAST,
Linen Manufacturers to Her Majesty
the Queen.
ESTABLISHED OVER SIXTY YEARS.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH SHIRTS.—
Made specially to your own pattern or measure-
ment. Guaranteed sound material. Honest work.
No "white-slave" labour. Send for samples and price.
GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

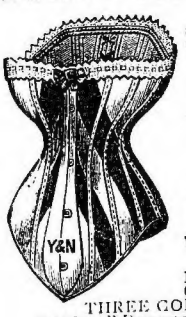


MAPPIN & WEBB'S
FITTED TRAVELLING BAGS.
18, POULTRY, E.C., & 158, OXFORD ST., W.
LONDON.

NEW SHIRTS for OLD ONES
Old Shirts refitted with Irish Linen Fronts and
Cuffs. Good quality, 2s. 6d. each. Specially fine
Linen, 3s. each. New Shirts made to order.
GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

PURE WOOL SHIRTS and
"UNSHRINKABLE" Wool Shirts, from
4s. 6d. to 9s. 9d. each, ready made or to order; also
Pyjamas or Sleeping Suits. Send for Patterns.
GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

DR. DE JONGH'S
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL
Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN
CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.
SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.
DR. PROSSER JAMES.
Lecturer on Mat. Med. London Hospital.
"The Dr. de Jongh's Oil contains the whole of the
active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily
digested. Hence its value not only in Diseases of the
Lungs and Livers, but in a great number of cases to
which the Profession is extending its use."
JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S.,
Late Staff Surgeon, Army, India.
"The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated
cases of the system is now becoming thoroughly
recognised. Dr. de Jongh's Oil places in every one's
hands a reliable and valuable remedy."
SOLD ONLY in Capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all Chemists and Druggists.
SOLE CONSIGNEES—
ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
CAUTION—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.



"They fit perfectly, and are far superior to all the other Corsets I have tried." (Signed) MARIE ROZE

THE Y & N
PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET
Will not split in the Seam or tear in the Fabric.
Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear
THREE GOLD MEDALS.
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

HENRY RODRIGUES' WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.
SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE, LIBRARY, AND BOUDOIR.
In Polished Brass, China, Enamelled and Oxidized Silver, from 25s. to 40s.

DRESSING CASES
JEWEL CASES
IVORY BRUSHES
CARRIAGE CLOCKS
OPERA GLASSES
SCENT BOTTLES
INKSTANDS
FANS
BOXES OF GAMES
LIQUEUR CASES
DESPATCH BOXES
ENVELOPE CASES
STATIONERY CASES
WRITING CASES
CANDLESTICKS
CANDLABLES
POSTAGE SCALES
CIGAR CABINETS
CIGARETTE BOXES
Useful and Elegant Presents in Silver.
And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 5s. to 45s.

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, Morocco. Wide Opening with Hall-marked Silver Fittings.
45s. 5s. 10s. 15s. 20s. 30s. to 45s.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS at RODRIGUES' best make, 10s. 6d. to 40s. REGIMENTAL & PRESENTATIONAL ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES and SCREENS, all sizes, to hold from 1 to 24 Portraits.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies, Engraved as Gems, from original and artistic designs. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. Best RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note Papers. HERALDIC ENGRAVING and PAINTING. A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved and 100 Superfine Cards printed for 6d. BAL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, BOOK-PLATES, WEDDING CARDS, and INVITATIONS.
42, PICCADILLY, LONDON

CURE FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Is a CERTAIN REMEDY.

For the CURE OF
BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, SORES & ULCERS
FOR BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GLANDULAR
SWELLINGS.

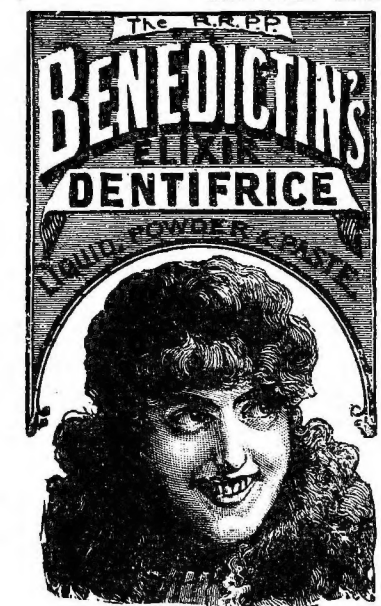
And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal

NUBIAN
LIQUID WATERPROOF
BLACKING
No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather. Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which last a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

**RED NOSES
RED FACES
RED HANDS**

Cured no matter to what causes due, by the DR. STREETER METHOD. Always effective and radical: is not a paint or powder. Guaranteed to be absolutely harmless and free from any poison. Send self-addressed envelope for explanation to STREETER MEDICINE CO., 234A Lower Road, Deptford.

ZELO'S SKIN CURE
AND INFANTS' MEDICATED TOILET POWDER
Absolute cure for Eczema, Erysipelas, Scurf, Sores, Scrofula, Rubs, Burns, Redness, and all Diseases of the Skin. Price 2s. 6d. at all Chemists, or post free 32 stamps.—Z. P. ZELO, 114, High St., Cowes, I.W.



BENEDICTINE'S DENTIFRICE
DELIGHTFUL TO USE,
PREVENTS DECAY OF THE TEETH.
PURIFIES THE BREATH.
GOLD MEDALS, Paris, Brussels, London, &c.
ELIXIR DENTIFRICE, 2s., 4s., 6d., and 8s.; TOOTH POWDER, 1s., 6d., 2s., and 3s. 6d.; TOOTH PASTE, 1s., 6d., and 2s.
FROM ALL PERFUMERS OR CHEMISTS.
Wholesale Only, 51, FRITH ST., LONDON, W.

UMBRELLAS.
SEE THIS NAME IS ON EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME YOU BUY
S. FOX & CO., LIMITED.
PATENTEE'S & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF ALL STERLING IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES.
PARACON TRADE MARKS

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased stability and greater neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

WHOOPIING COUGH
INSTANTLY RELIEVED and QUICKLY CURED.

CRESOLENE
PAGE'S PATENT VAPOURISER AND CRESOLENE
Children, by simply breathing the Vapour of Cresolene, obtain in a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. It is a perfectly safe remedy, and will not harm the youngest child. CRESOLENE is most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c. CRESOLENE is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant known. VAPOURISER, with LAMP COMPLETE, and a BOTTLE of CRESOLENE, 7s. 6d., Post Free in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cresolene can be had separately in bottles, at 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d.

SOLE AGENTS FOR EUROPE:
ALLEN and HANBURY,
Plough Court, LONDON, E.C.
Ask your Chemist for a Descriptive Circular.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS
Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for
INDIGESTION.
See Testimonial, selected from hundreds:—

CROYDON, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same."

"J. WILKINSON.

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines

SOLD EVERYWHERE, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., & 11s.

HALL MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, beautifully engraved or plain, in Leather-covered case. Free by Parcel post for 3s. 6d. —A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgware St., Birmingham Wholesale Manufacturer of Tobaccoists' Fancy Goods. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

ED. PINAUD
PARIS, 37, Bd de Strasbourg
ED. Pinaud's Celebrated Perfumes
Violet of Parma | Theodora | Ixora Broom | Pida
ED. Pinaud's QUININE WATER
The world renowned hair tonic prevents the hair from falling off.
ED. Pinaud's IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S ROYAL IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.
SAMPLES, POST FREE.
FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d. per doz.
DINNER NAPKINS, 5s. 6d. per dozen. Samples, post free.
TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yards square, 2s. 11d.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each.
ROYAL IRISH LINEN SHEETING, Fully Bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 2s. 4½d. per yard (the most durable article made). Samples, post free.
SURPLICE LINEN, 7d. per yard.
FINE LINENS and Linen Diaper, 8½d. per yard. Filled Linen Pillow Cases from 18½d. each. Samples, post free.
ROLLER TOWELLING, 18 inches wide, 3½d. per yard. Samples, post free.
KITCHEN TABLE CLOTHS, 11½d. each. Samples, post free.
STRONG HUCKABACK TOWELS, 4s. 1d. per doz. Samples, post free.
MONOGRAMS, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered. [Please name any Article specially required.]
SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE

To any part of the World, by

ROBINSON and CLEAVER,
Holding Special Appointments to the Queen, and the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Please name **BELFAST.** [Graphic.

Telegraphic Address—LINEN, Belfast.

EVERY LADY IS DELIGHTED with

ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S DRESS FABRICS.

as testified by the number of repeat orders they induce, and which are sent all over the world. They are the best, cheapest, and latest fashion. Patterns post free. —ROBINSON

& CLEAVER, BELFAST, to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany. Please name

KNITTING WOOLS & SILKS

THE PROVIDENCE MILLS SPINNING CO., BRADFORD, YORKS, guarantee the full weight of 16 oz. to the pound. Their Wools and Silks are not weighed with heavy dyes or chemicals, but are all of the best quality and pure fast dye. Samples Free. Carriage paid on orders of 10s. and upwards. Mention "Graphic."

SWANBILL CORSETS

(REGISTERED).
3rd Type of Figure White - 11s. 6d. Black - 12s. 6d.
A specially constructed Belt Corset for Ladies inclined to embonpoint.
CORSET and BELT Key.
Illustrated by Twelve Types of Figure.
Sent Post Free.
Send size of waist with P.O.O. on Sloane Street.
ADDLEY BOURNE LADIES' WAREHOUSE, 74, Sloane Street, Belgravia, (late of Piccadilly)

SWANBILL BELTS.

Registered. Price 31s. 6d.

The Swanbill Belt or Figure Improver in made of woven silk elastic. It gives the necessary support where most required, and is comparatively almost as light as a feather.

"Nothing can be better. The Swanbill Silk elastic belt is a real comfort."—Court Journal

"The Swanbill Belt I recommend to all young mothers, for nothing tends to give a woman so much as the loss of symmetry of figure. By attention a woman may almost retain her natural maiden form, even though a mother of a large family."—Madame Schild's Journal.

Send size of waist, with P.O.O. on 179, Sloane Street.

ADDLEY BOURNE, LADIES' WAREHOUSE, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia (late of Piccadilly.)

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of a well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.
Sold only in Packets by Grocers labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS and CO.,
Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

SMOKERS, don't buy Pipes before SEEING the "MEDICAL PATENT." Illustrated particulars post free.—Address "Patentee," 52, Cotham Hill, Bristol.

PY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

SPEARMAN'S SERGES—THE BEST IN THE WORLD.—Pure INDIGO DYE, ROYAL NAVY BLUE, WOODED BLACK. Also in all other colours, and FANCY WEAVINGS. Low quotations. No draper or tailor sell SPEARMAN'S renowned Serges; they can only be obtained direct from SPEARMAN, SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH. No material manufactured is so useful for Ladies' Autumn and Winter Wear or Gentlemen's Suits. Send for patterns and select at home for yourselves. Parcels carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland. Goods packed for export at lowest freights.

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.

Beetham's Glycerine AND Cucumber

Is the most perfect PREPARATION for SOFTENING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. Its effect in removing all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, &c., is almost magical, and by its use the skin is rendered SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE, and preserved from the ill effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER.

No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it at this season of the year. If used after Dancing or visiting heated apartments it will be found DELIGHTFULLY COOLING and REFRESHING. For the Nursery it is invaluable, as it is perfectly harmless. Bottles—1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Sole Makers—

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) the cause removed, together with prescription, advice, full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent in plain sealed envelope on receipt of six stamps.

"The only common-sense work on corpulence ever issued."—M. J. Med. Review—E. K. LYNON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER

What will Restore the Hair of Youth? NUDA VERITAS—NAKED TRUTH.

For twenty-two years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair either in youth or age. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, permanent and perfectly harmless. In cases 10s. 6d. of all Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars on application. Wholesale Agents: R. HOVEN-DEN and SON 31 and 32, Berners' Street, W.

91-95, City Road, London, E.C.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

'TWIST PLATE AND LIP, or the Common Sense of Eating, with which is incorporated the 14th Edition of **ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS,** with notes on COOKING, MASTICATION, PHYSIOLOGY of DIGESTION, REMARKABLE CASES of INDIGESTION.

GLOSSARY of MEDICAL TERMS, &c. Post Free One Stamp from the Publisher, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

XYLOPIA

PERFUME.
"PRONOUNCED XYLO-PIA"
Sole and only Dispenser, in Part Free Counter
Price 21s., 41s., 65s. & 71s. per Bottle
157b, New Bond St., London.

'MARASCHINO DI ZARA'

G. LUXARDO, ZARA.

OF ALL WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS

PETER ROBINSON COURT AND FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
255 to 262, REGENT STREET, ON RECEIPT OF LETTER OR TELEGRAM.
Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on appropriation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if desired) without any extra charge whatever. Address—**PETER ROBINSON MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET.**
INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied upon advantageous terms, to all families.
FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING at very moderate charges. **PARCELS POST FREE.** MADE-UP ARTICLES OR MATERIALS BY THE YARD. Forwarded promptly.
PETER ROBINSON COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
256, REGENT STREET.
Carriage Entrance also in Argyl St.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS

pure Linen Collars, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Sample White shirt, Linen Fittings, 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 21s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 23s. 6d., 24s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 26s. 6d., 27s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 29s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 33s. 6d., 34s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 36s. 6d., 37s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 39s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 41s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 43s. 6d., 44s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 46s. 6d., 47s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 49s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 51s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 53s. 6d., 54s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 56s. 6d., 57s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 59s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 61s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 63s. 6d., 64s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 66s. 6d., 67s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 69s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 71s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 73s. 6d., 74s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 76s. 6d., 77s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 79s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 81s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 83s. 6d., 84s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 86s. 6d., 87s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 89s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 91s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 93s. 6d., 94s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 96s. 6d., 97s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 99s. 6d., 100s. 6d.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

2 yds. sq., 2s. 9d. each. Nursery Diaper, 4½d. per yd. Real Irish Linen Sheet, fully bleached, 2½d. w. 1s. 11d. per yd. Surplice Linen, 7d. per yd. Huckaback Towels, 4s. 6d. per dozen.

IRISH HANDKERCHIEFS

Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. per doz.; Gent's Size, 3s. 6d. per doz. Samples and Price Lists Free to all Parts. All Parcels Sent Carriage Paid.

OLD SHIRTS

made as good as new with Fine Irish Linen. 2s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to wear. G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

KROPP RAZOR

From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 51, Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W.

New Illustrated Catalogue to March 30, 1889, ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD"

HONGKONG, PATENT, 1877.
DIPLOMA, PARIS, 1875.
ORDER OF MERIT, MELBOURNE AND CALCUTTA.

ANSON & CO. PATENT COMBINED WITH TREBLE GRIP

Now made with Patent Floor best qualities.

G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP

combined with Anson and Decker's Locks, the best of the gun cocks it, and 1000s. sent and received also has independent of its own merits, and is a safe, reliable, and accurate. Price 2s. to 4s. 6d. per pair. 46, The Gun of the Period, wherever shown, has always been a success. Express Rifles, from 12 Gauge, to half the price of the maker? Any Gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 4000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, catalogued every 1000 in the trade. Send 5 stamps for latest Catalogue, or abroad, per 100 stamps, is returned from first purchase.

G. E. LEWIS,
32 & 33, Lower Lovejoy St., Birmingham, Eng.

MR. C. B. HARNESSE'S

World-Famed Guaranteed Genuine **ELECTROPATHIC BELT**

Should be worn by all in search of health. Strength and vitality. It assists Digestion, improves Nutrition, imparts

NEW LIFE AND VIGOUR

to the Debilitated Constitution, and is unquestionably the best known cure for Rheumatism, Nervous Affections, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Ladies' Chronic Debility, &c. Book of Testimonials, Descriptive Pamphlet, or Advice may be had gratis, personally or by post.

The MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD.,
52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Kaufman Place.)

The largest Medical Electrical Institute in the world. Sufferers should call, if possible, and personally inspect the Belts before purchasing them.

Printed for the Proprietors at 12, Milford Lane, by EDWARD JOSEPH MAXFIELD, and published by him at 190, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—APRIL 20, 1889.